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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

N O T E S O F T H E W E E K .

Interest in the Marconi proceedings has revived with the appearance of Mr. Godfrey Isaacs as witness. So far, however, we have only had his own introductory statement. There has been no cross-examination. This week the inquiry has turned mainly on the important point whether it was open to the public to come in on as good terms as those on which the Ministers bought or was the dealing in the American shares all more or less of a "rig". Mr. Heybourne, a jobber, has caused some sensation by his refusals to answer questions. He declined to give particulars as to shares allotted before the 19th. On this the Committee divided, the majority upholding Mr. Heybourne's refusal.

This was a serious matter, and Lord Robert Cecil, for the minority, made a formal protest. What the effect on the public will be of this refusal to answer questions and its upholding by the majority of the Committee may be gauged by the effect on the spectators in the room at the time. We are likely to hear a good deal more of this, probably on platforms as well as in the House. By the way, has Sir Rufus Isaacs, whose allusions to the Marconi proceedings in the speech he made in the City the other day were correct and in a nice temper, rebuked the Reading Gladstone Club for talking about his "splendid vindication" while the Committee is still inquiring? Their zeal does not agree with Sir Rufus' own advice.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided yesterday that Sir Stuart Samuel had vacated his seat for the Tower Hamlets. The letter of the law required it; and even though we may regard Sir Stuart Samuel's personal honour as untouched, the decision cannot on that account be regretted. Extreme inno-

cence in politics and public life is almost as bad for our reputation as absolute corruption. This is a nasty jar for the Government; and it will not be easily forgotten. One example the more that English politicians must avoid even the appearance of evil is certainly not to be deplored at this moment. It is only just that the Government should be hit in its most sensitive place. It is not at present very eager for a by-election.

There has been this week a meeting of Radicals to inquire into the possibilities of avoiding defeat in the House of Commons. The Radical Whips are in perpetual terror of being outnumbered. Their task becomes especially hard now that the really industrious members are beginning to protest against the slackness of the majority. Cannot it be arranged, they ask, that the labour be more equitably divided? The House is a bore. Some of us have not the least interest in the proceedings of the Government—so long as it keeps itself in office. Surely it can do this without requiring us always to be within summons of a bell. Alas! the lot of the ordinary or voting member has never been a very happy one. It was said of him 200 years ago: "He will make speeches in the House to show the Government of what importance he can be to them, by which they will see he can be of no importance at all; and he will find in time that he stands valued at (if he votes right) being sometimes—invited to dinner". But things are a little better in 1913 than they were in 1713. There are salaries to-day.

The House of Commons does not always, or, perhaps, often succeed in evading absurdity, but it did so when it refused to go to a division on Mr. Crooks' thirty shillings a week minimum wage motion. Most people are too sympathetic with the claim for a juster rate of wages than competition results in to oppose any proposition that admits the claim. The Labour party will be "chipped" most of all by working men who know and who will think it a cheap sort of effort for the Parliament men to make. They will go on with their strikes, and wonder if this is what the others get £400 a year for. Boards in the sweated trades are good, and the Act must be

extended to many other trades; but it would be a mistake to begin by laying down a rule that thirty shillings a week must be paid indiscriminately.

Lord Robert Cecil has been thrusting keenly this week at the Independent Labour party. The Labour men in the House have automatically supported the Government through a session entirely devoted to Bills which they are perpetually denouncing as unimportant. They have never yet taken an independent line when it might inconvenience the Government. They are to-day of little account, either with their own people or with the Cabinet. Even on their own ground they are losing. The National Insurance Act owes considerably more to the criticism and suggestion of Unionists than to Labour men. The last débâcle of the Labour party was on Tuesday, when Mr. Jowett, Mr. Clynes and the greater number of them voted for the first reading of the Plural Voting Bill. The Independent Labour party had the previous week passed a resolution that in electoral reform woman suffrage must come first. Mr. Snowden and Mr. Keir Hardie remembered this, and voted against the Government. The bulk of the party conveniently forgot it.

This Plural Voting Bill simply removes a particular "anomaly" of our franchise that favours the Unionist party; and it passed its first reading with the help of the Government's Irish supporters, whose voting strength largely depends upon an anomaly of a different and less reasonable kind. It is a pity the Government have not the honesty to say straight that they abolish plural voting because it will be good for their party and not be putting forward a lot of obviously irrelevant and dishonest reasons for the Bill.

There is no preamble; but there are the usual pledges. The Government in their own time will redistribute and reform the franchise. But accidents may happen; and it would be unfortunate if the Government were cut off before they had had time to cut down the Unionist voting power. Redistribution brooks no delay; but—who knows?—things might come to a dissolution towards the end of the lifetime of this present Parliament without an opportunity for redistribution having arisen. To foresee such a possibility is only wise; to make quite sure of a Plural Voting Bill is only prudent. To have passed a Plural Voting Bill will be a great consolation to the Government, if time should fail them for the rest. It would no doubt soften Mr. Asquith's bitter disappointment at not being able to keep faith with the House of Commons that he has at any rate kept faith with his party, and stolen an advantage.

In the education debate Mr. Balfour, with his usual acuteness, touched the absurdity of a smiling optimistic review of the general position by a Minister whose colleagues are promising a drastic overhauling of the whole system from top to bottom. One is tired of these unreal optimistic statements. Year after year we have them. Mr. Hoare did well to insist on the amazing waste the marvellously effective machine does nothing to prevent. Mr. Pease gazes at his wheels going round cheerily, and crows with delight. What matter what sort of stuff is being turned out? The machine is working without a hitch. Truly, it was a relief to have Mr. Balfour telling the truth about competitive examinations—one of the arks of the old Liberal covenant. "Examinations are really most soul-killing institutions." Yes, and body-killing too. Only the other day we heard of a young man, the hope of a widowed mother and two sisters, who passed his medical examinations very brilliantly; and then went mad. Nothing but examination pressure. He knew that for him and his family all hung on his passing high.

Presumably Mr. McKenna has not had enough practice in the art of exposition to make an intelligible statement about his Forcible Feeding Bill. We are ready to believe that Mr. McKenna, intending to tell the

House quite frankly what he means to do, is baffled by an honest incompetence. Exposition is a fine art—as Mr. Asquith, one of its past masters, could easily tell Mr. McKenna—and we have not yet seen any indication that the present Home Secretary has it. He introduces a Bill asking the House for "further powers". He tells the House in committee that the Bill gives him no further powers in excess of those he already has. He talks first of undertakings, then of no undertakings, lastly of a licence which may or may not be an undertaking.

"Then we are where we started" was Mr. Snowden's view. Really Mr. McKenna is worse off. He has let the women know that he is incompetent to deal with them. He has brought in a special Bill which must break down at the first case of determined resistance. It will enable him to do a lot of quiet smuggling in and out of prison of women who would in any case stop short of being martyred. It is a running-in-and-out-of-prison Bill for the milder militants. One cannot help thinking that Mr. McKenna's vagueness and indecision is not altogether incapacity to tell a plain tale. He lives from day to day.

The suffragettes returned to Hyde Park last Sunday. We hoped that this weekly uproar would not be repeated. The suffragettes seemed to have realised that the ridicule incurred in running for refuge to the police hardly compensated for the ridicule fastened on the Government for permitting this farce to go on. Anyhow, the Hyde Park meetings were discontinued until Sunday last. Now they have broken out again with no ludicrous circumstance omitted. First they inform the police that they intend to hold a meeting—a meeting, of course, where citizens will be invited to break the law. The police send an escort. There is a riot; and the meeting escapes under the protecting laws against which it met to protest.

Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Muir on Wednesday, discussing the recognisances of Miss Kenney, very clearly raised the question of undertakings. The arrest of Miss Kenney is intended to check her unlawful speaking. But the difficulty does not end with the undertaking. The undertaking has to be interpreted; and this is largely a question of personal delicacy. "I am not going to incite you, and talk about bombs and hatchets; because I have given an undertaking." Is that lawful or unlawful speaking?

"I am no orator as Brutus is;
... but were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits."

Mr. Muir very rightly insisted that the only really satisfactory way out was for the defendant to undertake not to speak at all. This arrest of Miss Kenney is in the right direction. She is a very violent and daemonic speaker; and the Government is lucky in being so easily able to put her out of the campaign, at least for a time.

There is to be a fight to the guillotine over the Navy Bill in the Canadian House of Commons. Neither in private conference nor in public appeal has Mr. Borden succeeded in turning Sir Wilfrid Laurier from his determination to obstruct, whatever the cost. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has come out in his true colours in this affair. His Imperialism is the thinnest veneer. Every artifice known to the agitator has been used to prejudice the minds of his fellow Canadians. He pretends that Mr. Borden is handing over Canadian liberties to the tender mercies of the Colonial Office, and he holds up his hands in pious horror at the thought of the Canadian ships attached to the Imperial fleet taking a hand in the dastardly work of coercing Montenegro. Every argument is clinched with the suggestion that Canada is being called on for tribute. Sir Wilfrid will have his miserable little navy or he will have nothing.

Mr. Borden has therefore no alternative, much as he and all who have any regard for Parliamentary institu-

tions may regret the necessity, but to introduce the closure. Reason has failed, and without the guillotine the debate would go on to Doomsday. As it is there must be weeks of delay before the Naval Bill can be carried through the Commons. The Liberal claim that the Government should go to the country would in any case be untenable, but the hollowness of the plea that this particular contribution to Empire defence is being forced on Canada against the wishes of the people is effectually met by Mr. Borden's statement that before the ships are ready for service there must be a general election. If the Liberals came in, they would be in a position to take them over as part of the Canadian Navy. So far as can be gathered from the Press, Mr. Borden has the country with him, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier has stirred up so much feeling that it is probable the Senate, with its Liberal majority, may reject the Bill. The responsibility for refusing assistance to the Imperial Navy would then be definitely fixed on the Liberal party.

President Wilson has put himself personally in touch with Congress. He will not be a department, he tells us, but a man working with other men in a common service. His resolution to address Congress in person is in effect a declaration that as President he means to rule. President Wilson follows President Poincaré. We may hope that the old Presidential Message—a pamphlet, with Mr. Roosevelt an encyclopædia, of platitudes read by the clerk to a bored and inattentive House—has its quietus in the comparatively business-like speech of President Wilson. Meantime America wonders how far this active President will go in destruction of formality and official restriction. The President and Congress parley like envoys at an international meeting. President Wilson's personal address to Congress must change all that.

The Chinese Parliament met on Tuesday for the first time. Thus begins at Peking the experiment of Constantinople and Teheran. It has ruined Turkey and Persia; and has increased the difficulties of Europe in the Near and Middle East. But Yuan Shi-kai puts on the best of faces, hoping the Republic "may last 10,000 years". Reuter too is encouraging. "Nearly all wore frock-coats", says Reuter, "and appeared fully to realise the responsibility of their position."

Montenegro is still giving trouble over Scutari and shows no inclination to bow to force majeure. She may compel Europe to go further than the naval blockade which has now been formally proclaimed, but the hope that, whatever steps are taken to coerce her, there will be no conflict between the Powers is strengthened by the speeches of Sir Edward Grey and Herr Von Bethmann-Hollweg and the official communiqué from Russia. Europe, as Sir Edward Grey said, has agreed that there shall be an autonomous Albania, and Scutari is part of Albania. Russia, with all the will in the world to promote what she considers Slav interests in South-Eastern Europe, is clearly not minded to upset European arrangements in order to further the views of Montenegro. Her attitude seems to remove the real danger of the situation, though what line she might be compelled to adopt if King Nicholas succeeded in flouting the Powers for a period no one can predict. Herr Von Bethmann-Hollweg says that racial antagonisms between Slav and German will not of themselves be allowed to lead to war. Russia at least has given no sign of a desire to make capital out of Montenegro's ambition.

When will English people take the measure of the Portuguese Republic? The Duchess of Bedford has just returned from Lisbon with an account of Portuguese political prisoners. The simple English newspapers wonder why these things should be under the enlightened Government of Señor Affonso Costa, and gravely predict that Señor Costa may lose our sympathy. He should never have had it. The Duchess of Bedford's report surprises us not at all. We know something of the rascals that run Portugal.

Señor Arana, having been very promptly removed from his liquidatorship when Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady got to work, has made other appearances before the Putumayo Commission this week. His is the star part; but strange to say he has no more positive information to impart than his brother directors of the company, who knew nothing at all until the Casement Commission made its revelations. Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady had already disposed of all this by bluntly asserting that if he did not know he was responsible for not knowing. Señor Arana's most interesting suggestion as to the treatment of the Indians shows that Prescott made a mistake in calling his famous book the "Conquest of Peru". It ought to have been the "Attracting of Peru".

Señor Arana at an earlier stage accused Mr. Hardenburg, the writer of "The Devil's Paradise", of attempting blackmail. The two faced each other on Wednesday rather unexpectedly at the end of the Señor's examination after he had been insinuating that Mr. Hardenburg had had something to do with passing a forged bill on him. The Señor politely expressed pleasure at meeting Mr. Hardenburg. Captain Whiffen, who is now in Foreign Office employment, turns out to be the Mr. X accused by the Señor of threatening to present a damaging report unless paid £1000. Mr. Hardenburg tells the story in "The Devil's Paradise". The report was presented; but it has not yet been disclosed whether the directors were informed of it by the Foreign Office. The Señor repeated the story to the committee, "leaving it to their consciences whether they believed him". More likely they will leave it to Captain Whiffen and Mr. Hardenburg.

Sir Henry Wrixon was one of those rare spirits in Australian life twenty years ago who did not spring from toy-vending, mining or squatting. He had the advantage of education, and his acumen as a lawyer was proved not only in the Courts and the Legislative Assembly of Victoria but before the Privy Council itself. A master mind in constitutional, political and economic matters, he often had occasion for both amusement and service in attempting to polish the rough diamonds of local statecraft. If such a man could in decency tell what he knew of some Australian Ministers of the Crown in the 'seventies and the 'eighties, the record would be diverting. Sir Henry Wrixon had a weakness for cosmopolitan epigram. "One touch of printer's ink", he once said, "makes the whole world kin." It would be unfair to judge him by such absurdity.

The first "Legal Aid Fund for Poor People" has been founded by a testator while lawyers have been calling on the State. It strikes an intense note which suggests that the founder of the charity had had personal experiences. Mr. Clark, a stockbroker of South Kensington, disposing of the residue of an estate of some £28,000, creates a trust for enabling poor English or Scottish people (and also Irish people if and so long as Ireland remains in union with Great Britain) to obtain legal advice and maintain and defend their rights in the Courts. He directs his trustees not to hesitate to take up cases for the poor against the rich or titled people or public companies especially in cases of injury to person or property arising out of street or motor accidents. It will be a difficult will to administer, and though it is as benevolent as it is peculiar and original, we are afraid the testator would be disappointed if he could see it in operation.

The Historical Congress split into two companies on Wednesday, and visited Oxford and Cambridge respectively. The Oxford historians gave their company a dinner in All Souls Hall, and secured Lord Morley to talk to them afterwards. At Cambridge, the Master of Peterhouse, who is acting President of the Congress, gave a dinner to some of the members, and a general reception of them was held by the Vice-Chancellor at King's. Only those who have heard the

Master of Trinity speak on an occasion such as this know that for courteous felicity, appropriate anecdote, and polished phrase, he seldom fails to outdistance competitors. His speech was not reported in the papers; Lord Morley's lecture was. After it was over, English folk-dances were exhibited to the foreign historians.

Lord Morley discoursed on humanity, diplomacy and politics, and the business of historians with all. Historical method in the past had tended to emphasise nationality; science to disregard it, and to make cosmopolitans. Research to-day was in danger of going too far into minutiae; and even documents were not always to be trusted. That was a thing well said in Oxford. Bismarck said that his will often decided his action before his mind had finished ratiocinating about it; such was politics, in a large degree. Diplomacy was even worse—the art of uttering false coin. But underneath the surface there is always that which matters—the human instinct which shapes history; and as every European is born two thousand years old, history matters to him.

Edward Dowden was a scholar of an immense knowledge and wide sympathy, a critic intent on broadening and deepening men's delight in the best literature. He was not in the least afraid to be eloquent and even exalted; he would have been ashamed rather of failing in enthusiasm than of indulging it. We have all smiled over Matthew Arnold's review of Dowden's "Life of Shelley." No doubt Dowden did, in "Uncle Matt's" phrase, "improve the occasion" rather much and rather often, and his enthusiasm got the better, not infrequently, of his humour. But the result was much really beautiful writing.

His Shakespearian studies are said sometimes to be out of date. Probably there is more of Shakespeare the man in the sonnets than in the tragedies; at least that is our present orthodoxy. But Dowden inspired a group of Shakespearian scholars, and himself contributed much that was eloquent and true. Characteristically he was one of the first critics to appreciate Walt Whitman. Oscar Wilde used to explain how he came to Whitman earlier than most men. It was inevitable if you were at Trinity College or even brought up in Dublin. Often lawyers or country squires, not men of letters, have surprised us by their appreciation of Whitman and a life-long habit of reading poetry. That was all Dowden's influence. He became Professor of Literature at twenty-four, and for forty-six years his chief end was to kindle the poetic fervour in others where that might be, but everywhere to awaken a taste for letters. You did not need to be a T.C.D.; you had only to look in at one of his famous Sunday afternoons to understand and measure his influence.

Brave doings are promised by the Colonne orchestra when it comes to London in a few days. The object of the visit is to "introduce" a quantity of French music to Englishmen. Who wants it? An English composer can scarcely get a hearing for his works and we already hear far too much French stuff; the Colonne orchestra was never a very distinguished body; Colonne was not a fine conductor, and though the posters tell us his successor M. Pierne is "the world's greatest conductor" his reputation has not yet reached London.

The idea seems to be to "boom" the Colonne orchestra here and send it back to Paris with the cachet of a London success; and a delightful idea it is. What would the French press say if an English band went to Paris to "introduce" English music there? (There is no danger of any such catastrophe occurring.) We do not want inferior French bands here to play inferior French music. If the English composer had in England the opportunities enjoyed by the French composer in France, the question might be regarded differently; but until the better time comes, we must ask that a little English patronage be reserved for Englishmen.

THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

FREE Traders in this country affect to gloat over the tariff measure presented to the House of Representatives last Monday. They pretend to discover in the meagre details cabled to this country the fullest realisation of their hopes created by Mr. Woodrow Wilson's presidential campaign. British Free Trade journals never hesitated to hail every speech in which Mr. Wilson denounced the evils and horrors of protection, tariffs, monopoly and privilege; wholly ignoring the different meaning of the term as used by Mr. Wilson and as understood by all who heard or read his speeches. In his address to Congress on Tuesday Mr. Wilson explained that the tariff policy of the United States had passed beyond the modest stage of protecting, and had been boldly employed to invest the manufacturer with the "direct patronage of the Government". "Consciously or unconsciously", he said, "we have built up a set of privileges and exemptions from competition behind which it was easy by any, even the crudest, forms of combination to organise monopoly." In future the object of the tariff must be "effective competition", but "it would be unwise to move towards this end with reckless haste or with strokes that cut at the very roots of what has grown up amongst us. . . . We must build up trade, especially foreign trade".

From Mr. Wilson's speech, together with the tariff proposals, we learn at once the measure of the tariff and the principles on which it must be framed, according to a convinced Free Trader, to carry out certain great national objects. A tariff is deemed to be necessary if "effective competition" is to be established. It is necessary for the building up of trade, and especially foreign trade. The total abolition of import duties is denounced; the reduction of duties to a tariff-for-revenue scale is not advocated. All that the tariff aims to secure is the abolition of monopoly and privilege. We have only to look at the proposed schedules to see how these objects are to be carried out. The absurdly high duties on most manufactures are to be reduced from 40 to 25 per cent. Luxuries are still to be saddled with very high duties—why, if the effect of high duties is to favour monopoly and privilege, we fail to understand. Fully manufactured goods are to be subject to higher ad valorem rates than semi-finished manufactures. Even raw materials are not wholly exempt from duty. Corn and meats are in general to be admitted free, but flour, cheese and many other foods are still to be subject to duties. On the whole the proposed Free Trade tariff of the United States seems quite as high as, say, the high protective tariff of Australia.

We are not of those who believe that the high tariff which has prevailed in the United States for more than a generation has been injurious to her industrial development. On the contrary, we think that it is owing to her courageous resort to heroic tariff measures in the past that it has been possible for the country to pass in a few years from a predominantly agricultural country to become the largest manufacturing nation of the world. No doubt the high tariff had some effect in raising the cost of living; but this was always, and is now, more than counterbalanced by the payment of higher wages than in any other country. High wages have been the most potent of the influences which have attracted emigrants from every European country. But for the high tariff these new arrivals might have shown some effective bias in favour of the goods of the countries from which they came. Thus the high tariff served the double purpose of attracting immigrants and forcing their demands into channels which were filled by native products. The pace of the development of the United States has been due as much perhaps to her high tariff as to any other cause.

The mistake of American politicians has been their failure, or perhaps their refusal, to recognise that a tariff adapted in the first instance to the development of infant industries might call for drastic change when, as the Solicitor-General wittily said, they had become

grandfathers. The tariff has, for many years, been excessive, and has tended to encourage the huge aggregations of capital which are so characteristic of the industrial system on the other side of the Atlantic. Recent investigations have proved that one of the most general features of these great manufacturing corporations was the large margin between the cost of production and selling price. The smaller the corporation the smaller the margin; while the smaller types of factories, in spite of the high tariffs which protected them all equally, had the utmost difficulty in keeping their heads above water.

It follows that while some reduction in prices may result from the proposed tariff changes, if they should take effect, many interests and large sections of the community must suffer. In the first place most of the smaller manufacturers will be squeezed out of existence. In the next place the stockholders in the larger corporations will suffer serious diminution in the capital value of their holdings, because the margin between sale prices and cost of production will certainly be restricted. While at first it may be that the people as a whole will enjoy the sweets of lower prices, they may discover that they have stimulated the already huge corporations to still larger growth, and fastened the chain of monopoly still further on the necks of the people.

How about foreign competition? What will be the effect of the lower tariffs on European trade, and on Canada, the West Indies and Australia? So far as this country is concerned we are not sanguine that any material advantage will accrue to our trade. Formerly the tariff was excessive; the reductions will still leave it effective to bar any considerable increase in our exports of manufactures. The drastic cuts in the wool schedule may stimulate some new trade from the Bradford area; but when we note that the largest reductions are to be made in the yarns, and progressively smaller reductions in the more fully finished categories of manufactured cloths, there is some reason to fear that, as with Germany, an increased importation of yarns may be accompanied by a serious reduction in the quantity of cloths. The reductions are not designed to aid Bradford but New England.

Canada, on the other hand, is likely to derive much benefit from the proposed free importation of corn and meat, and the large reductions in the principal farm and forest products. The introduction of the new tariff is the fullest justification of Canada's determined refusal two years ago to endorse the Reciprocity policy favoured by the Laurier Government. Practically all that was then offered by the United States in return for material concessions and political sacrifices by Canada is now offered free. Mr. Borden should find his position in Western Canada considerably strengthened by the turn events have taken; and in advocating his great Imperial policy in that part of the Dominion he ought no longer to find himself addressing a community torn between conflicting emotions of sentiment and interest. The gradual reduction of the sugar duties may also confer great advantage on the West Indies, though it remains to be seen whether they can recover any of the foothold which they had before 1900.

We have tried in what we have written to take a strictly impartial view of the situation on the assumption that the Tariff Bill as introduced will become law. There is a long road to traverse, however, before it reaches the statute book. Mr. Wilson's reference to the risk of cutting "at the very roots of what has grown up amongst us" is an unqualified invitation to every affected interest to make its views felt. It is expected that the Bill will pass through the House of Representatives substantially unchanged, but that it will meet with much opposition in the Senate, which will be conciliated only by considerable concessions, especially in regard to wool and sugar. In any case the tariff will be high, effective for promoting American industrial development, effective for stimulating internal competition, effective for promoting an export trade, and effective for barring undesirable foreign competition. It will be a tariff many times higher

than is advocated by Tariff Reformers in this country for securing similar objects. The American example and the American lesson is one which, with greater modesty and with the utmost confidence, Tariff Reformers can continue to advocate in order to secure similar results.

THE CONCERT AND GERMANY.

SIR EDWARD GREY put the case as to Montenegro in his statement in the House of Commons very fairly. We have no quarrel with him on any ground of coldness and want of sympathy with Montenegro. Indeed, we only wish Sir Edward Grey had never said or done a thing to which exception could be more reasonably taken than to this. After all, the safety of the public, which in this case is Europe, is the supreme law. Even if Montenegro had an equitable claim to Scutari (when and if she take it), we should still say the superior interests of Europe did not allow it. There would then be a case for compensation, no doubt, and compensation of some sort would be given. But, as it is, whatever in fact may be done, Montenegro has no valid claim, certainly no equitable claim, for compensation at all. Some enthusiastic admirers of the little state ("little" is far from otiose, for Montenegro's littleness is the spring of the admiration) seem to think that to prove Montenegro's just claim on Scutari, they need only show that to get that place was the one thing for which Montenegro went out to fight. The fact none will dispute; but it does not prove but rather disproves the claim. It bears out Sir E. Grey's point that Montenegro's war was a war of conquest; it was a war of aggression. The Montenegrins had no notion of setting anybody free; nor of reforming anybody; they wanted Scutari. The Scutari people, on the other hand, have nothing in common with Montenegro; they belong to the Albanians; and without doubt would wish to be part of the new Albania. Compassion is out of place, when it is given to one who just loses what he had no title but that of force to take. "Hard luck!" one says in a genial way—the Montenegrins are such plucky hard-fighting fellows—not meaning very much by it. But with tears over Montenegro balked of her prey we have no patience.

We are still quite in the dark as to what is to happen if King Nicholas goes on defying the Powers. Will he be bold enough to bluff it through? It is parlous for him, of course; but he is personally in a very tight place. If he gives up Scutari, he may have to give up everything else. If he chooses to hold out, no naval blockade can make him give in. The British admiral is a very determined man and will not like to be baffled. But ships cannot make Montenegro take her teeth out of Scutari. That is why the situation is still serious. Otherwise the danger would seem to be almost passed. Turkey submits to the Powers absolutely. Bulgaria still asks for indemnity; but that, we all know, can be arranged. It is a matter simply of taking over less of the Turkish debt. Then the Powers agree that most of the Aegean islands shall go to Greece; so there will be no trouble there. But Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg had no better answer than Sir E. Grey as to what was to be done, if Montenegro remained obdurate. From the point of view of the European Concert, nothing could be better than the Chancellor's speech. Nothing better, that is, for European unanimity; for it contributed nothing towards making the Concert more effective. But it is clear that Russia, Germany, Austria, France, and Great Britain are agreed on Balkan matters. They see eye to eye there. According to Sir E. Grey, they were on the verge of doing otherwise—not a very diplomatic disclosure, surely, though no doubt very interesting. But they have agreed in time, which is the main thing.

Germany, the Chancellor's speech makes clear, is not a storm centre. Germany has much to occupy her at home. The new taxes will give the Government quite enough to think about without stirring up trouble

abroad. To anyone who chooses to think seriously over the position it must be obvious that peace is Germany's greatest interest at this moment. A great, and ever more absorbedly, commercial Power in the most delicate military position in the world, Germany can never wish for war. The great increase in her army does not strike us as a warlike sign at all. On both sides of Germany military power has markedly increased; Russia and France are much more powerful military units than they were a few years ago. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg allowed himself to speak with surprising frankness about France—he is not diplomatic in the old sense—and evidently realises to the full the great change that has come over the French spirit. Simultaneously France has grown in military power and realised that she has grown. She now believes entirely in herself. France, of course, has much to gain by a successful war with Germany; and the Germans would be fools not to see it. The Chancellor does see it, and sees too that France is confident she is a match for Germany. At this moment the French people dislike the idea of war probably less than any other European nation. It is a marvellous change and is not without peril. France is the storm-centre now. We cannot blame Germany for preparing for the worst. The German Government would be mad not to take stock of the change in France; though, it is true, they have strong domestic grounds as well for bringing a larger number of their young men under military training. The German Government is acutely aware of the admirable educational effect of three years' military training on a people of somewhat primitive civilisation. Even apart from external pressure, the Government had resolved to bring a larger proportion of their abounding population under military discipline. Would that we had a Government with such intelligence!

TAXES AND THE STATE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S Bill for the provisional collection of taxes shows the utter demoralisation produced by his finance. We are told that the measure merely restores the practice of collecting taxes under the authority of a resolution of the House of Commons as it existed before the Gibson Bowles Judgment. That is a very disingenuous representation. It substitutes an arbitrary enactment for a convenient understanding. In times past taxes were collected in fact before the actual passing of the Finance Act. But they were collected not as a matter of right but merely as an administrative convenience. The difference is not immaterial. Provisional collection was, and is, necessary to prevent a general evasion of revenue duties. But Ministers always realised that any collection they sanctioned of this kind had to be legalised by the actual passing of a Finance Act. They had to rely upon a measure which would operate as an Act of Indemnity. Their zeal or ambition was always subject to this salutary check. Taxes which were unsound in principle or unjust in execution might be modified or defeated in the Committee stage of the Finance Bill. If they had already been collected, such a result would have dealt a heavy blow at the prestige of the Government and might conceivably have terminated their existence. It is possible to point to several cases in modern politics in which taxes which at first were regarded with equanimity have been destroyed by hostile criticism at a later stage. The realisation of the confusion and discredit in which such incidents might easily involve a Ministry has operated to restrain English Chancellors from rash experiments. Neither a Minister nor a Cabinet would consent to authorise the collection of taxes if there were any reasonable chance of the House of Commons refusing to endorse the order. This is the practical justification of the legal anomaly of the old position. It has vanished with many other useful practices that once guided the policy of the British Treasury.

The new system retains the anomalies of the old with

none of its advantages. The Chancellor, from being the servant of the House of Commons, has become its master. He will make his Budget speech with a pistol in his hand. The House of Commons will be forced to accept his taxes upon the ex parte information which he provides. There will be no time to reconcile conflicting interests or to weigh the balance of the evidence. The necessary resolutions must be passed on the evening of the Budget speech or the Government will be involved in hopeless ruin and the finances of the country thrown into confusion. No Opposition, however determined or resourceful, could hope for victory upon such an issue. The King's Government must be supported by the House. And once the resolution gives to the Government not a provisional right to collect taxes, but an absolute authority, this first division will be the only one that counts. The Finance Bill will be degraded from the principal measure of the session into a formal registration of a decision which has been previously reached. The first Government that is seriously pressed for time will remorselessly guillotine the Committee stage as a useless survival of a forgotten function. The Commons' control of finance, which was once the boast of the House and its justification, will have ceased to exist. The responsibility for the change will rest entirely upon the present Ministry. They have strained the fabric of constitutional usage beyond the limit that it was intended to bear. Their dragooned majority has passively accepted financial proposals which outraged every principle of British policy. Even regarded from the standard that Ministers established in their Parliament Act, the original proposals of the 1909 Budget would not have received the Speaker's fiat. Mr. Lloyd George's Budgets have not been Money Bills. They have penalised men for their political convictions on the pretence of making them contribute to the expenses of the State.

He has had his reward. Those who accepted the provisional collection of taxes when it was a financial expedient, rejected it when it became a political weapon. Mr. Gibson Bowles did not so much destroy the old system as reveal the results of its destruction by others. The results which we foresee may be deplorable, but at all events they are visible. The subordination of the House of Commons to an almost irresponsible Executive is carried another step. If the public is disgusted, at least it is not deluded. It must be the task of the Unionist party to restore the things which remain, though they be moribund. It must revive the confidence of the country in the effective power of Parliament. No man can, or should, at this moment seek to commit his party to any particular solution of a difficult and technical problem. But, whether by estimates, committees or other means, the control of Parliament over finance must be reconciled with measures obviously necessary to check wanton evasion of the law. But these are questions for the future. The party will not prescribe for such constitutional ailments until it is called in. There are matters of more immediate importance. The Opposition must insist upon regarding constitutional changes as matters of more than party interest. This question concerns not only the Government in power but the State as a whole. The Liberals are attempting to turn the results of their own tyranny into a trap for their opponents. They wish deliberately to exclude new taxes from the operation of the Bill in order to embarrass a Unionist Government in trying to pass a Tariff Reform Budget. It is obvious that there can be no distinction in logic between one kind of taxes and the other kind. The old practice has disappeared for ever. The only question is whether the new practice shall be established by one stage or two. If the Government insist upon the latter method they will embitter party feeling without serving national advantage. The least that they should do is to co-operate with us in untangling the difficult complication into which they have plunged the country. If they persist in abusing the interests of their country for the advancement of their party, they will discover in the end that they have sacrificed both.

DIVINITY AT OXFORD.

THE world is generally content not to notice what the academic coteries of Oxford and Cambridge are about. The undergraduate interests the world : the don does not. The machinery of the schools and its running will never get the sustained attention of any but those who live by it. This is natural, seeing what elaborate trifling nine-tenths of what are called University politics are. The outsider, it is true, cannot follow them, and it is equally true that he would despise them if he could. For the most part there is no need to regret that the world will not care for any of these things ; but from time to time there does come up for decision something really important, and then there is always a danger of a serious mistake being made owing to the indifference of the public confounding the exception with the rule. Happily both Oxford and Cambridge have a means of letting in the general body of their members to vote on University matters. It is not often the graduate not resident at Oxford or Cambridge wants to vote ; it might be inconvenient if he did. But it is of the utmost importance, when really large things are in issue, that he should inquire into the question and assert his right. The controversy over the Divinity degrees and the qualification of examiners in theology at Oxford is an urgent case in point. There could hardly be a more living or more far-reaching issue ; yet it is one which is easily put as a merely technical point of University machinery which only dons and academics need concern themselves with. Seeing what is the average man's attitude to all theological controversy, he is not likely to be attracted to an academic dispute which he is told turns on a technical matter of the theological school. Here is the great danger we have to face who object to the changes proposed. Let the great body of the members of Convocation give some serious attention to the matter and realise what is at stake, and we should be quite confident as to the result of the vote on 29 April. Convocation should realise that its own authority and powers are challenged ; its own position is in issue as well as the particular matter of the Divinity schools. As always on such occasions, the resident coterie who would make the innovation is complaining because there is this appeal to the outsider. Only the superior people who live in Oxford and run the machine should be allowed a say on the subject ; it is monstrous that they should be liable to be voted down by clergymen, barristers, country gentlemen, and other ignorant folk. We have heard this claim very often, and are less impressed with it every year we grow older. We do not find a man needs to be either a pedagogue or a pedant to exercise an independent and intelligent judgment on any important question. The clergyman who has a large cure of souls and is in touch with human life will be better equipped to judge of the Divinity question than the mere academic. The man of the world too, being outside the machine, will not be carried round with it. The very fact that most members of Convocation will see this question as apart from University politics is a strong reason why they are likely to judge more clearly than the average resident don.

There are at bottom two issues to be settled. One, is the University to drop its official association with the Church of England? Two, is theology to be taught at Oxford as a thing apart from religion? The requirement that the examiners in the Honours School of Theology should be in priest's orders and that a Divinity degree can be held only by a Churchman establishes the Church in the University. It is the only remaining effective link between Oxford and the Church. In its origin and its endowments Oxford owes everything to the Church. It was once a great ecclesiastical corporation. It has been gradually secularised until now no necessary or operative connexion between Church and University exists other than that which Professor Scott Holland and his friends would abolish. We do not forget the University church—a remarkable building Oxford owes to other times and another spirit ;

or the University sermon—an amiable weekly custom which the University authorities do not require any of those whom it is training and whose character it is supposed to be moulding to observe. But we admit that the University does label itself Church of England while it requires that a University preacher shall be an Anglican. And for that reason, if the proposed Divinity changes are made, the University sermon will have to go and very soon will go. A University that still prescribes logic for some of its children could hardly go on requiring that the only place of worship representing the University should be Anglican and that a weekly Anglican sermon (or a sermon by a titular Anglican) should be preached after it had decided that it must not require its degree in Divinity to connote any association with the Church or any belief in Church or Christian doctrine. If that is intolerant or inconsistent with the modern character of the University, the University sermon is more so. If any supporter of the new proposals, shrinking from disestablishing Christianity and the Church at Oxford, is taking refuge in the University Church and the University sermon, he is either willingly blinding himself or he has no eyes to see. The University Church would almost be a lie, for it would be continually asserting that the University was a Church foundation, whereas it would have no operative connexion with the Church. The Thug and the Parsi and the Mohammedan and the Totemist, not to speak of the Dhukabor, the Mormon, and the Seventh Day Baptist, would have every right to complain if the University Church remained Anglican. His grievance would be irresistible.

We ask Convocation to face the matter squarely. Do they want the official connexion between the Church and the University to cease? Do they want the official connexion between Christianity and the University to cease? The one involves the other by the express admission of the supporters of the proposed changes. The only non-secular alternative to the present plan is to have concurrent faculties—to allow Divinity degrees on denominational conditions to other denominations than the Church of England—to which we should not object at all. But this the supporters of the change proposed rule out. As with the disestablishers of the Church in Wales, they do not want to establish other communions either instead of or as well ; they want only to disestablish the Church. They also rule out the idea of throwing open the degree to all professing Christians, but not to non-Christians, on the ground of the difficulty of defining Christianity. And they are right. Undenominational Christianity is impossible. The plain truth remains that the present proposal is to disestablish Christianity in the University. Naturally the anti-Christian of every sort, the secularist of every sort, jumps at the proposal ; jumps at it as nimbly as Dr. Scott Holland, formerly Canon of S. Paul's, Regius Professor of Divinity. It is curious how often our Radical ecclesiastics find themselves on the same side with the anti-Christian. Some of them are not very happy in the position, and try to comfort themselves with the self-assurance that though by their plan there is nothing to prevent a Divinity degree being given for a blasphemous attack on Christianity—a blasphemous attack might show very "thorough knowledge of Christian theology"—that is not likely to happen. Not likely to happen! What an abject evasion! These miserable people are afraid to look their own proposals in the face. They have not even the honesty to take the necessary consequences of what they are doing. The position of the agnostic and the secularist is far worthier. If you do want to secularise the University, if you do want officially to disestablish Christianity, say so openly, and we will respect you. But if you advise a course which you know must lead to a certain result and then look away from that result and pretend it will not happen, we cannot respect, we can only despise, you.

The other important question for Convocation to consider is whether the teaching of theology should be divorced from religion. No one will pretend that mere

critical acquaintance with theological speculation has any necessary connexion with religion. It may be most helpful to religion when intentionally associated with it—religion is always strengthened by knowledge. But when you start with the assumption that your theological inquiry is to be wholly irrespective of any faith or belief, that it is merely intellectual exercise, for these matters are not susceptible of demonstration, we say your pains are wasted. To keep theology and rule out religion is worse than keeping the letter and dropping the spirit. Many would be glad to have religion free of theology; but none but a German pundit would keep theology without religion. Unless in connexion with a religious faith, we do not see that a theological school is worth keeping at Oxford at all. We are pretty sure parents who realise the position will say the same.

THE CITY.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange being still mainly professional, quotations move up or down in accordance with the interpretation of the news of the hour. A little buying is soon followed by profit-taking; and, on the other hand, very few dealers dare to go home with a short account open in their books. But while the day-to-day fluctuations are unimportant, the undertone of the markets is good. The bull account is very small, money is cheaper, a reduction in the Bank rate cannot be long deferred, and everybody is awaiting a settlement of the Balkan problem. When definite good news does come prices must advance. The public is doing a little investment business, and the demand will expand provided that prices are not forced up too rapidly by the insiders. The prompt over-subscription of several new issues is an encouraging sign, while the utter failure of the South African loan provides a warning to borrowers who may have too sanguine opinions regarding monetary conditions. The future depends almost entirely on the political situation, and until that is settled it will be unwise to take any liberties with the market. Other factors to be considered are the forthcoming Budget statement and the Board of Trade returns, which, although not providing conclusive evidence, seem to indicate a reaction in trade.

Business in Home Rails has dwindled away, the big traffic increases for the current half-year having lost their influence as a bull point.

Canadian Pacifics have come into favour once more on the report that the freight war on the Atlantic between the company and other steamship lines has come to an end. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President of the Canadian Pacific, is coming to Europe next week, and it is expected that an amicable arrangement with the Hamburg-Amerika Company and other steamship interests will result from his visit. Grand Trunks derived very little benefit from the remarks of Mr. A. W. Smithers at the half-yearly meeting, although they were quite satisfactory. It is worthy of special note that he denied that the recent increase in traffic was obtained from the Grand Trunk Pacific line. The benefit of the Pacific extension has yet to be obtained. The prospect of further large capital expenditure, however, has to be borne in mind.

The Mexican Railway dividend was in accordance with the most optimistic expectations. For the last half-year a distribution at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is announced against $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year ago. This makes $3\frac{1}{2}$ for the whole of 1912, as compared with $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1911. The yield on the ordinary stock at the present price is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the announcement of the dividend had very little effect on the market. In regard to San Paulos it is now understood that Mr. Farquhar has abandoned his designs in respect of that company. He has found that it is impossible at present to build a competing line, and monetary conditions prevent the carrying out of the alternative scheme to buy up the San Paulo Railway. It remains to be seen whether the Government will proceed with the negotiations for taking over

the San Paulo line, and it is argued that the retirement of Mr. Farquhar from the scene renders such a deal unnecessary. Meanwhile the stockholders may thank Mr. Farquhar for being to some extent responsible for the increase of their dividend from 13 to 14 per cent.

In the American market business remains at a low ebb. The Presidential Message to Congress was in accordance with general expectations. It is generally asserted that good-class American bonds and stocks stand at a tempting level, but the volume of demand is not sufficient to make much impression on prices.

In the Mining Markets Rio Tintos benefited from the settlement of the strike at the mine and also from the statistical position of the metal in America, but the firmness was broken by selling from Paris, which was attributable not so much to politics as to weakness in Russian industrial shares, in which French speculators are largely interested. Business in gold shares remains very slack, but the strength of the market for lead has been reflected in Broken Hill descriptions.

The expectation of lower prices for the commodity at next week's auction has caused further depression in Rubber shares, although the liquidation has been on a small scale. In the Oil section a firmer tone is displayed, but here again there is not much business. Declining freight rates have left their mark on Shipping shares, and Nitrates are easier. Strangely enough, very little active interest is being taken in Marconi shares at present.

INSURANCE.

LIFE OFFICES AND THEIR BONUSES.

DISAPPOINTMENT follows when a prominent life office withdraws payment of a bonus, but the public attitude is not always reasonable. Occasionally, no doubt, the passing of a bonus can be traced to such causes as extravagant expenditure, unsound valuation methods, and the injudicious acceptance of lives for assurance. The first is unfortunately constantly in evidence. An office spending an undue proportion of its premium income, and dividing profits up to the hilt, has little prospect of escaping adversity, and the only question is when bonuses will cease to be paid. People who patronise prodigal offices must anticipate vexation sooner or later. It is possible, without actuarial assistance, to decide whether the bases of a valuation are sound, because one statement can be compared with others, when its relative strength or weakness will generally be perceived. The public cannot however be expected to make a careful study of the elaborate returns periodically deposited with the Board of Trade, nor has it much opportunity to discover the truth when the foundations of a business have been undermined by a reckless craving for new business.

When disappointment is due to one or other of these causes public resentment may be said to be justified. As a general rule, however, a passed bonus is due to misfortune, not to past or present mismanagement. In recent years the depreciation of investments has led to large sums being written off the value of Stock Exchange securities, and the interests of both policy-holders and shareholders have consequently suffered to a serious extent, but it would be most unfair to blame either actuaries or executive officials. It is quite certain that the long-continued decline in the value of Stock Exchange and other securities was not anticipated even in banking circles, and it is now generally admitted to have been due to causes that could not have been foreseen.

Possibly one or two recent disappointments may have partly resulted from past over-confidence, gains shown by revaluation of securities being treated as realised profits, instead of being husbanded. To-day it is recognised that the distribution of such gains was an unsound policy, but years ago there was no belief in a much lower level of prices, and only extremely wealthy and conservative offices resisted the temptation to gratify their supporters. The penalty

for the mistake is now having to be paid, and policy-holders may as well be prepared for other unpleasant announcements, in addition to those which have just been made by the Boards of the Eagle and Edinburgh life offices.

In the case of the Edinburgh no blame whatever attaches to the administration. Expenses have all along been moderate, the growth of the business has been regular, especially in recent years, and the "compound" bonuses declared were never suggestive of any possible future danger. All depreciation up to 31 December 1907—so far as it was known—had also been provided for, and the recent quinquennium was started under conditions which justified actuarial confidence. An increasing rate of interest was being obtained on the funds, and the valuation of the assurances had been placed on a 3 per cent. OM basis. Only in one respect, indeed, was the position of affairs open to criticism—the Government Annuitants Table, 1884, had become somewhat out of date, and a later experience would have inspired greater confidence.

Apart from the possible under-estimation of the liabilities in respect of annuities in force on 31 December 1907 everything was apparently in sound condition, and the immediate troubles of the office came about during the last five years. Altogether an amount of £164,174 had to be written off the value of the investments, while a further sum of £52,623 was required as a special reserve fund in order to enable a system of annual valuations to be safely introduced. Moreover the adoption of the latest Government annuity experience led to the reserves being strengthened to the extent of £37,615, and £28,709 more was added to them in connexion with the valuation of future premiums and certain other items. In these ways practically the whole of the surplus was absorbed, but it is evident that a profitable business was transacted during the five years and that the new quinquennium was begun with everything in perfect order. In this connexion it may be pointed out that the passing of a bonus, although it calls for an immediate sacrifice on the part of policy-holders, does not necessarily imply any ultimate loss to them as a body. A thoroughly sound position is obtained, and the bonuses paid in subsequent years should, with good management, considerably exceed those paid prior to the interruption.

IN MEMORIAM M. B.

LAST fortnight has seen the obsequies of two heroes and soldiers, one in earthly and the other in heavenly armies; it has also seen the departure of one worthy of the name of heroine, true warrior and victress in a field where men and women are called to battle with no inspiration of banners and bugles or environment of supporting battalions, but alone. As so often happens when a life has been lived with truth and valour, its ending, even when untimely, may be matter much more for praise and solemn gratitude than for mere lamentation. It is but truth to say that this woman, who was seized by disease in her full youth and at a moment when she appeared to have most of the things that make for happy life, really fulfilled herself and made her achievement in a way that could not have been bettered by any number of years of pleasant and untragic existence. Sometimes a tree that is about to die will break out and cover itself with blossom; and thus it was with her.

When pain and cruel disease gripped her she settled down to a fight which might be short or long, but which was certain to be sharp. Her ambition clearly was that whatever was to be endured might be endured by her, and that those she loved might have no share in the burden. That was an ambition which could never be realised; but it was her triumph, nevertheless; and those who knew her in this period of endurance owe it

to her to say that they are the better and happier for having known her.

She set herself resolutely to smile in the face of destiny. One felt instinctively that the one thing she never wished to think about or to be mentioned was the fact that she had anything to suffer. She was beautiful, and she liked to be serene; feeling, with an exquisite fastidiousness, that beauty should only be associated with serenity. She would not have put that into words nor formulated it in her thoughts, but I think that subconsciously she had the sense of it. To sit with her in quiet talk in her little open-air chamber, listening, perhaps on an autumnal morning, to the voices of the birds and watching the footprints of the water-fowl on the bloom of the untrdden grass, was not only to enjoy the companionship of a woman, quick, alert, and interested in the life that had drifted away from her, but also to feel in a quite extraordinary degree the inspiration of a character at once noble and simple, heroic and yet human. Although very proud, she was the least pretentious woman in the world; her pride took the form of setting hard standards for herself and easy ones for other people. That little chamber, gay with flowers, interesting with books and papers, happy with quiet laughter, beautiful with herself, was a condemned cell; but one side of it was open to heaven.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. The one before the last is surely self, that ego whose shadow, monstrously magnified, is cast over the whole field of life, and obscures the sun from the soul. She whom we commemorate had so banished that shadow that what happened to herself had finally no power or concern for her except in so far as it might affect those she loved. It does not matter whether a life like this is short or long; once that end has been attained, the secret has been learned. It was with her a divesting process, a letting go of one after another of the things which seemed essential; yet now that all are gone a greater thing than any of them remains. The truly dead are they who are choked and swathed in themselves and their possessions; the truly living are they who, even though like her they depart from visible existence among us, have thus discovered their true selves; and piece by piece, fold by fold, have stripped off every last shred of the ceremonials and mortcloths of self. Of these divested, the soul stands clear in the sun.

Y.

"HAMLET" AGAIN.

BY JOHN PALMER.

INGENIOUS critics have for three hundred years made of our national poet the stalking-horse of their wit. They have only succeeded in establishing that for an understanding of his people nothing may be added to what Shakespeare has set down. If you be made of penetrable stuff, you will resent the interpreter who thinks to shed light on the difficult places by putting in worse language and at greater length what Shakespeare himself has exhausted the resources of his art in saying. As to the irritating people who think first of "Hamlet" as of a riddle with a ready-made answer lurking somewhere out of sight, the people who ask whether Hamlet was mad, was above or below his business, was, like Schopenhauer, a second-rate philosopher, or, like Shelley, a glorious poet unequal to the harsh necessities of an ordinary political animal—it were best, possibly, to remind them that Polonius—usually played as a figure of fun, but in Shakespeare's intention a fair and admirable portrait of any one out of nine hundred and ninety-nine of the English gentlemen (Eton and Oxford) who visit Drury Lane—it were best, I repeat, to remind these irritating people that Polonius has already asked one or two of these questions on their behalf, and that he has not thereby increased his estimation with the wise, albeit he differs from the majority of his successors in that his answers are not altogether wide of the mark. The paradox of criticism is this—that, so soon as it arrives at the

estimation of great art, it cannot add a jot to the public understanding of what is already there. If the poet or musician have not conveyed the emotion in his lines and bars, it will certainly not be conveyed in a footnote or in an analytical programme. Let the superior grey beast listen for himself. If he hear nothing, his quarrel is with heaven that made him, not with the critic who cannot, by taking thought, affect by a single cubit the length of the public ear. All that a critic can do with great art is to remember his emotion at this point or that, and endeavour to share it again with his fellows, hoping that in them he will find an echo. After witnessing the Hamlet of Mr. Forbes Robertson we do not discuss it. We remember. We turn over in our hearts a heap of treasure; and, if we talk at all, exclaim merely that here is El Dorado, and call upon our friends to exclaim. I write again this week of "Hamlet", not for anything that needs to be said, but for the pleasure of staying on a precious memory. Possibly, too, my readers will appreciate in me an humble ambition to observe the necessities of proportion. No such an important artistic event as Mr. Forbes Robertson's farewell season is likely to trouble the town for a long day; and I really cannot talk about any of the other plays he has so far reproduced. They are too painful a subject.

Let us then for a few moments follow this Hamlet. But what shall we take for a thread? Really it matters not at all. It is a distinguishing mark of all the great characters of Shakespeare that following a single trait we must ultimately arrive at the heart of their mystery. We cannot probe into the jealousy of Othello without reaching Othello himself. Morgann, inquiring into the bravery of Falstaff, was unable to cry halt till Falstaff himself stood, in the living grossness, complete. It is useless beginning the study of any one of Shakespeare's people unless you are prepared to ensue it through every line of their presentation. One thing is neither more nor less important than another; nor does it matter with which thing you choose to begin.

With Hamlet we may start, even as he stands before King Claudius. Did you notice the faint shiver, scarcely physical—a delicate and involuntary frisson of the soul—with which he hears the King proclaim his love?—

"We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father".

Watch him ever so carefully, and you will not detect how the player has conveyed it to you. You only know he has thrilled with a sensitive repugnance, that here was a wounded delicacy, a nerve rudely and painfully jarred. Follow this fastidiousness of Hamlet from line to line. You may build the play upon it; and, when you have done so, you may begin again, and build it equally upon a hundred other suggestions. But let us pretend, as an excuse for calling up Mr. Robertson's Hamlet before us, that this fastidiousness is all.

Tell me, Wherefore should it not be all? What has so rudely offended him in the marriage of his mother?—

"Or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body"—
is it not here the unimaginative grossness of her offence against the seemliness of humanity—apart from her error of taste in declension from Hyperion to a Satyr? Is not this note, if we choose to hear it above the general harmony, persistently reiterated?

"Good-night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not."

No serious moral injunction here; but an appeal to what, for want of a better term untainted with snobbish misuse, we must call the "good taste" of his mother. Is not the whole tragedy of "Hamlet" the career of a hesitant delicacy, a fastidiousness of the mind which instinctively shuns the obvious brutal thing? "Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" Either to

perpetuate or to reform the unprofitable uses of this world is surely no enterprise for a man in his wits—

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right".

This is no world for a man of nice perceptions, where kings drain draughts of Rhenish down, braying to the four winds that to drink is human, even though to abstain is not, invariably, divine; a world whose successful men will cut one's throat in the church if (by S. Patrick!) there is much offence; a world whose wise old men together with a plentiful lack of wit have most weak hams; a world where brothers so insensitively bellow upon a sister's grave that one hazards to be put into a towering passion; a world where men may not always be believed, nor women neither, whose ghosts may not entirely be trusted, where an excellent play may be caviare to the general; a world where to show your metal as a dutiful son you may suddenly require to be very businesslike and very bloody, to stick several inches of cold steel into an uncle's carcass, risking such unlovely consequences as followed upon the slaying of King Eglon; a world where one's æsthetic pleasure in a fine frenzy may unseasonably be nipped by a protest from the Lord Chamberlain that the speeches are too long; a world where grosser things are done in the name of thrift than to furnish forth a marriage-table with funeral baked meats; a world where imagination may trace the noble dust of Alexander till one finds it stopping a bung-hole, and where a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar; a world whose drum, for ever at the gate, breaks rudely in upon death, pointing most dreadfully, when the rest is silence, the brutal march of kingdoms and years; a world where Fortinbras, on whom the election ever lights, comes competently in at the last decorously to invoke the rites of war, decently to put away the dead, triumphantly to embrace his fortune.

Let us, for a moment, pause; and, in the mind's eye, follow Hamlet in his passage through this world—seeing it, for fancy's sake, and to give some direction to our humming thoughts, as the tragedy of that unhappiest of mortals who would avoid the obvious. See how deviously he plots to catch the conscience of the king; how ingeniously he would refine upon his damnation—when you and I would just have done what was necessary and straightforward. See—

But I must not embark upon another of that sort of sentence which the inexhaustibility of this theme provokes. When you have thoroughly realised how beautifully in Mr. Robertson's Hamlet fastidiousness of thought, feeling and imagination lives in every line, then dismiss it; and reflect that this is but one thread of the warp and woof of Shakespeare's conception as it lives again to-day in the art of a great actor.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S ENTERTAINMENT. By FILSON YOUNG.

WHEN I was a child there were certain words that had the power of rousing in me the highest degree of anticipation. Among these was the word "entertainment". If I were told that I was to be taken to an entertainment, my mind was immediately filled with the most vivacious images, my spirit became festive, and I prepared my whole machine for enjoyment, oiling the bearings and giving the wheels a spin with the most agreeable expectation. Among the delights which were grouped under this magic name was a thing first called in the days of its innocence a Panorama; which afterwards gave itself the more sophisticated name of Diorama, and finally, as art and science were enslaved to its elaboration, blossomed into the thrilling title of Panstereorama. I have never again recovered the sense of intoxication with which my annual visit to this entertainment was accompanied; but I thought I traced to the memory of it some odd sense of excitement which was evoked by a visit to Mr. Max Beerbohm's exhibition of caricatures at the Leicester Galleries. It is, in a sense, a panorama of contemporary public life; it is in the truest sense of

the word an entertainment; in fact one may reckon among the few genuine entertainments at present offered to us Mr. Max Beerbohm's Biennial Panstereorama of Life and Character in London. It is an entertainment chiefly because it is great fun; it is rich in affording that kind of satisfaction which comes from seeing things cleverly said or done which you yourself would have liked to say or do; and as you creep round the walls, thinking how clever it is of you to have all along felt about somebody what Max Beerbohm has apparently only just seen, your own pride is so flattered that your sense of admiration of the artist grows more and more bland. It is a singular thing that it amuses us more to dwell on the weaknesses of our fellow-men than on their merits. But so it is; and the caricaturist, in exaggerating and developing those departures from the normal in his subjects which render them so absurd is only doing what they themselves would do if they had the chance. Caricature consists theoretically in an exaggeration of all departures from the normal—that is to say, of the things that are characteristic of the subject—and it would be impossible to caricature a perfectly average face and figure, because you cannot make a thing more average than the average. But in practice it does not work out this way, for everything becomes absurd by exaggeration: an absurd feature becomes more absurd; a noble feature becomes, not more noble, but absurd also. Hence the agreeable result is laughter, except on the part of the subject himself, who not infrequently regards his caricature with gravity and astonishment, not unmixed with doubts as to whether the genius of the artist is not deteriorating.

It is not necessary at this time of day to talk about Max Beerbohm's method or his draughtsmanship; they are already familiar to all who are likely to be interested in them. Neither do I propose to catalogue, with variations of laudatory praise, the titles and legends of those pictures which have given me most pleasure. Such catalogues are to be found, no doubt, in the daily papers; they are almost as tedious to read as they are to write; and in any case we want to know not what pleases other people, but what pleases ourselves; and the only wise thing for the reader to do is to go and pay his shilling and make his own selection of the drawings that please him best. He will enjoy it more if he take a friend with him; but I advise him in advance not to take anyone whom it is important he should impress by the wit and illumination of his comments, because there are no very witty variants on such remarks as "How good!" "How delicious!" "I like that", and "Do look at this". What is really remarkable about this collection of some seventy new drawings is its vivid actuality and "up-to-dateness". It is a true picture of our own time, and a brilliant criticism of the public life of to-day—not of yesterday or the day before, but to-day. I understand that Mr. Beerbohm now resides in the kingdom of Italy; but you would think he had been living in the highest watch-tower of Carmelite Street. Whether it is Lord Alexander Thynne enchanting the Labour party, Mr. Garvin as Atlas bearing a little world on sinewy shoulders, Mr. Stanley Houghton confronting the puzzled and disgusted ranks of successful dramatists, or the delightful group entitled "Some Ministers of the Crown, who (monstrous though it seems) have severally some odd pounds to invest, imploring Sir Rufus Isaacs to tell them if he knows of any stocks which they could buy without fear of ultimate profit", there is a kind of stop-press actuality about the subjects and their treatment which is truly surprising.

And here I will show you a mystery. Mr. Beerbohm, if anyone, was an inhabitant of the parish of London; he belonged more than any man of his time to the Town, and it would have been essentially, though not literally, true of him to say that until three years ago he had never been beyond the sound, not of Bow bells (for I am sure he never heard them), but, let us say, of the bell of S. Mark's, North Audley Street. Is it just because he is such a Londoner that he was obliged to flee from London? Was

London becoming so cosmopolitan that, in order to preserve its atmosphere, he was obliged to flee to an Italian hillside? It is the discontented wanderer who is pictured as always longing for wings like a dove; but it was the metropolitan Max, of all people, who actually grew them, and who flew away to the wilderness and built him a nest—which nest I conceive to be constructed of copies of the "Times", the "Morning Post", the "Daily Mirror", the "Pall Mall Gazette", the "Tatler", the "Bystander", the "Illustrated London News", the "Saturday Review", "Punch", "John Bull", "Cage Birds", and the "Winning Post". Hence, no doubt, the extreme vividness of his sense of London life. Perhaps when he was here he never really lived here in the spirit, but pondered, after the manner of the urban artist, on cypress groves and leaves in Vallombrosa; and now that he lives in Italy and knows that there are no leaves in Vallombrosa his thoughts fly back to London, and his vision delineates its life in a clearer focus. That will do for a theory, anyhow, to explain the extraordinary freshness and vivid discernment of these new character studies. When a man thus departs from London to a foreign land his friends shake their heads and say that it will be the ruin of him; that he will "drop out"; that he will not bear transplantation; that his talents will wither and droop; and if in addition to leaving them he should also have the enterprise to get married, his married friends who wish they were bachelors, and the bachelors who have not the courage to marry, give him up finally and prepare their wreaths for the obsequies of his genius.

Well, the only kind of wreath that we are likely to require in the case of Max Beerbohm is a fresh wreath of laurel, which, if our gratitude were to be rightly expressed, we should present to him in duplicate. For I make no doubt that the verdict of competent critics will be that this exhibition of entirely new work marks an increase in vigour, in certainty of touch, and an actual enlargement and progress of all the qualities on which his reputation rests. To say that seriously is to say a great deal; and, beyond it, it is not possible to say much in the way of useful criticism. It is not easy to write very interestingly about Max, because mere praise, however skilfully varied in expression, becomes monotonous. I have for long been a serious student and critic of his work; I have been lying out for him, so to speak, these many years, in the hope of finding something which would vary the monotony of an appreciation which is apt to sound a little fulsome. But I have not succeeded. There is something in any case so disarming about such complete lack of pretentiousness allied with such a high level of artistic attainment that it would be difficult to express an adverse opinion, even if one held it. The only time I did so, when Max wrote a novel which seemed to me to be a little short of being a masterpiece, and I said so, I felt as though I had been guilty of a cowardly and brutal assault. I know no living artist who has done so little indifferent work in proportion to what is good. It is also fair to say that there is probably no living artist who has had so much deserved praise and so little undeserved detraction as Max Beerbohm. Of course he has his share of the quite empty and useless praise which little scribes give to his work, not because they care for it, but because they know the enlightened world cares for it and that it is the fashion to praise it. But really the praise of such people, empty as it is, is better than their empty blame. If little dogs are to be at your heels, it is better that they should fawn upon you than snap at you.

And amid all the warm and genuine appreciation with which Max Beerbohm's work is and will be greeted, there is the humorous element of fear. People are afraid of him, not because he may attack them—for if people attack you, you merely say that they are mad—but for fear that he will make other people laugh at them. Thus not the least of his merits is that he helps to maintain the power and dignity of laughter as a wholesome weapon and antiseptic influence in social life.

LE CAFÉ ANGLAIS.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

THE Café Anglais was the only house on the Boulevard des Italiens that had character and something like a physiognomy; probably it was the last original building that was left on that most Parisian of Parisian thoroughfares. Its white façade was perfectly unpretending; all its distinction came from the round windows in plain arches of the entresol, which it had in common with thousands of eighteenth century houses, and from the reticence of its lights and shades. It looked eminently quiet in its more than busy environment. It looked so very quiet in the daytime that you were tempted to call it asleep, and even, if you noticed that its lines were decidedly out of plumb, somewhat pathetic. It was no place for lunch. In the evening it was different. Although fully exposed to the glare of the boulevard and lit up by everybody else's electricity it seemed muffled up rather than illuminated in a soft, milky transparence. Its old-fashioned name, recalling the days—long before the Second Empire—when Anglomania was a distinction and not a hobby had as much elegance as a coat of arms, and, strangely enough, suggested exclusively French associations. In fact, cosmopolitanism rushed by in its motor-cars, imagining perhaps that this unobtrusive place was second-rate or provincial or decayed, or at all events uninteresting. Perhaps it was really dull to the uninitiated. Perhaps it took more than discrimination, it took the experience of the native or of the naturalised to feel its peculiar charm, the sensation that one might come there for rare cooking and rarer wines, but also for something less immediately appreciable, for the old-school ways of the maîtres d'hôtel—you could not call them waiters—for the erudition of the sommeliers, for the memories clinging to the walls of the diminutive private rooms. The Café Anglais was positively the last place to which people went not to see or be seen but to feel themselves there. There was no fun in dining in the big room downstairs; the genius loci only revealed itself to small parties enjoying good things, but also enjoying real conversation in a place which they thought immemorially dedicated to it.

They were partly mistaken. The Café Anglais always was refined, and you were right in thinking yourself in sanctuary there. But its history had been frivolous. A kind of encyclopædia to which I often refer when I want to see some Parisian topic through the light of half a century ago—two fat volumes compiled by the best writers of the day and called "Paris-Guide"—speaks of it as a decidedly naughty place. But who among our contemporaries knew that? M. de Vogué once heard Dostoïewsky, as he vaticinated against the modern Babylon and prophesied its destruction, constantly revert to the Café Anglais as a bulwark of wickedness. But long before Dostoïewsky heard of the existence of the restaurant it had become the quiet house to which we were used, a place where the wine was gentlemanly and the people never loud, and which however had had the luck to be saved the curse of mere respectability and the consequent punishment of desertion. It is in that aspect and not for its early levity that the Café Anglais will be remembered.

As Latin Quarter youths took by storm the last of the last horse-buses as it went its last trip from S. Sulpice to La Villette, chanted dirges all the way and then got off and never thought of it again, a crowd of people very unlike the aristocratic habitués of the Café Anglais invaded it on its last night and went home in the small hours delighted to have been in at the death. This is the ransom which notoriety of any kind has to pay to vulgarity. It does not matter. The real funeral oration of this charming place must have been the melancholy stopping of embroidery work in many a salon and the saddened expression of many a face as a voice from over a newspaper told that never again would elegant parties stop for an elegant evening at the corner of the Rue Marivaux. As to me, I was

introduced to the Café Anglais by a man whom I look upon as an incarnation of old France, and I see it go, as we have seen in the last twenty years so many other places go, as a part of the old French heritage of grace and taste. On its site a merchant with a suspiciously international name will run up an unconvincing fabric of the same kind as that which a few months ago took the place of another dear old restaurant, Durand's, opposite the Madeleine, and probably think himself a very fine fellow.

Of all the famous eating-places which the elegant materialism of the Second Empire bequeathed to the underbred jollity of the Third Republic, only two are now left: the Café Voisin and the Restaurant Paillard, and neither has the atmosphere of the Café Anglais. Voisin's has none of the welcoming snugness of its vanished rival, and its reputation was built on Burgundy—which is an important nuance—while Paillard's is renowned chiefly for Boldi's fiddle, which ought to be enough to make it abominable to connoisseurs, not of music of course, but of good things. An eating-place is no concert-room, and if you have a proper respect for the artistic training of an old gentleman's infallible palate you ought to be sorry to see at the table next to him highly musical American girls entranced by a violin and forgetting even their chaste ice Perrier, as the poor woman in Hardy's story forgot her husband and child. In fact neither Voisin nor, above all, Paillard, possesses the solid clientèle which made the Café Anglais the outside dining-room of the Jockey Club. When, in the early years of the Republic—a unique time for youthful enterprise—that sublimation of snobisme, that embodiment of heroic ambition, M. Arthur Meyer, arrived in Paris from Havre with no money in his purse, and next to no education—though with plenty of intelligence—in his head he first scraped together enough to be able to go to the best tailor and then looked for the best place wherein to meet the best people. He had no hesitation. Day after day he was seen at the Café Anglais, drinking a cup of tea, and the cloakroom of the restaurant gradually became to him the ante-chamber of many a salon. Where would he go now if he had to begin over again instead of being an example to all generations? Even the widest awake of the present day could not tell him. Tea-rooms, the Ritz, the Crillon, even the horribly cosmopolitan places in the Champs Elysées are fashionable, but how could you make acquaintances in such crowds and with a band playing all the time? What would be the good of haunting rooms in which you would not see the same faces three times in succession? There is also a tendency—no doubt imported from New York—to lunch and dine at the big hotels, but caravanseries are no social places, and how could anybody gifted with any sense of the ridiculous confess a partiality for establishments the names of which invariably end in "ic" or "tia", instead of calling themselves after the French provinces; or what good French people could you expect to meet in rooms in which the Bordeaux is judged by foreigners and even, as Hilaire Belloc would say, by heretics? Perhaps the nearest approach to the old style belongs at the present moment to Foyot, and to think that at the time when my "Paris-Guide" was published Foyot was mentioned as "le jeune M. Foyot", and just trying his luck on the boulevards! His was a fortunate mutation, but how many ought to be deplored? Maire's, where you still eat well, has become bourgeois, and Noël Peters' provincial. The "Bœuf à la Mode" is a new place with an old name. So is the Café Riche, which is now as different from its former self as the Lyceum may be. When you cross the Jardin du Palais Royal it is startling to see the name of Véfour on a deserted door, and I have often eaten a three-franc lunch at Corazza's, in the opposite angle of the garden, filling my eyes with the noble solitude of the square, without suspecting that fifty years ago the place was gay and extravagant. Perhaps out-of-the-way places like the Lapérouse or La Tour d'Argent, which have risen from the rank of cabarets to that of restaurants, may become real centres

of civilised eating. Perhaps one of the hotels ending in "ic" may suddenly, in spite of its name, achieve elegance or secure a chef who will attract elegance. Perhaps also the time of brilliant restaurants as that of the traiteurs before them is past. A melancholy thought at first. But this is a period in which so many pleasant things disappear that one's life would be consumed in sorrow if attention were not diverted by philosophy. The philosophy in this case is that, although we may not see the Café Anglais any more, after all we saw it for many years and got a great deal of pleasure out of it. What do we care if the present generation is brutal and does not care for beauty or refinement? The present generation will pass, but beauty and refinement are sure to reappear in a variety of forms, and that is enough to console the instinct in us which craves impossible stability in a world of ferocious demolishers and even worse builders.

CONTEMPORARY ART AND PERMANENT WORTH.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE disconcerting reversal of established facts in art goes on. The "Divine Urbinate" is nowadays just simply "Raphael"; in course of time he too may be a synonym for démodé art and his prestige incomprehensible. Only a few years ago Corot and the Barbizon men were undisputed and unparalleled; to-day they are the sort of thing that rich collectors begin with buying and then drop in favour of Italian Primitives or Degas. Generation succeeds generation irresistibly, each wave with a new creed, warranted infallible. Canons of goodness and badness sweep along in ceaseless succession, and what was guaranteed excellent, and for all purposes *was* excellent, passively is sucked back with an impaired or ruined reputation.

We might rationally conclude that good art and bad art are purely relative terms; that a picture's excellence does not exist as an internal quality, but like colour, for example, is dependent on outside agency. At least we cannot so inordinately esteem our own judgment as to doubt that it too will share the common doom of supersession. But before we embrace this rational and desperate conclusion we surely can by induction reach some idea of what intrinsic qualities in art generally secure long reputations, and so approximately forecast the permanence of contemporary Art.

In every case where a picture's reputation is sustained or gathers force throughout a long period we clearly see that this comparative permanence is due to our conviction of its painter's superiority as an observer and thinker. Colour, form and design we are prepared to dismiss, no matter how illustrious the names of great technicians. But intensity of life and evidence of strange insight so far have triumphed over temporary canons and secured lasting homage. Corot and Daubigny, who may be fairly judged by the Ball Collection, in the Goupil Gallery, lack intensity and persisting insight; the proof is that once we have taken their measure they rarely surprise us. Rousseau is the unexpected painter of that school (and he only surprises us occasionally), and Harpignies sometimes. The latter's "Château Gaillard", No. 2 at the Goupil Gallery, has the sharpness and fresh accent we so crave in Corot. Corot's idea of landscape is charming and soft and shell-like; we can hardly discern a powerful and profound mind behind his usual pictures. Therefore in a comparatively short time his reputation has declined. Going upstairs to the Exhibition of the Contemporary Art Society's stewardship we plunge into the vogue that has turned the unsurpassable Barbizon painters almost into *vieux jeu*. But do we instantly find ourselves flattened out by tremendous evidence of great character and deep interpretative insight?

This Contemporary Art Society was formed about three years ago with the admirable object of acquiring the best contemporary art. It was justifiably felt that whereas the worst was pretty well cared for by the Chantrey Fund, the best was generally ignored, as far

as public galleries were concerned. The Society's plan is to accumulate work of "remarkable talent", and to hold it in trust for National and Municipal collections. This present exhibition contains some thirty-four pictures and drawings and three exhibited sculptures, belonging to the Society; the rest of the show, organised on homologous lines, presumably indicates the kind of talent desirable in the Society's eyes. Successfully to administer their admirable scheme the Society must school themselves to take long views; possessed of small funds their policy must be not to make them go round on many slight examples, but to concentrate periodically on the few essential first-rate things. One of their earliest hauls was Mr. John's "Smiling Woman", a piece of extraordinary weight and character, in which we are smitten by intensity of life and impressed by large and classic style. This purchase of one of the most significant contemporary works proved the Society's ability to come up to a high standard. This "Smiling Woman" will attract to herself increasing reputation, not because of fine colour, draughtsmanship and design, but because of her witness to Mr. John's grip of living intensity.

On the other hand what chances has Mr. Duncan Grant's "Queen of Sheba" of surviving into a time when the term "Post-Impressionist" will have lost its magic effect? There are certain words which mesmerise their frequent users; Chiaroscuroists was one, Naturalists and Eclectics were others. After a while, their efficacy evaporating, such words sound flat and ordinary; then the terrible younger generation, armed with its own new term, begins corrosively to scrutinise the actual "cash value", the living content of what was obscured by the now cold epithet. It seems to me that Mr. Grant's power of interpretation and life revelation will look rather pallid and bleak to people who have not read the passionate apologies of Post-Impressionist pamphleteers. Lacking the "tips" these guides give posterity may see but mechanical pattern-making, harsh chalky pigment, and what they will call academic doll-conceptions of Solomon and the Queen. Having superseded the canons of 1912, both as to convention and merit, like us these future people will, among older pictures, have use only for those that reveal humanity or the inner subtle content of Nature. Of making many theories and patterns there is no end, but our human perception of life alone retains its interest. The difference between this "Queen of Sheba" and Alma Tadema's "Phidias" is conventional rather than real; the Bolognese painted and designed far more efficiently than Mr. Grant or Mrs. Bell, but their place knows them no more.

The inner, subtle content of Nature as opposed to effective generalisations and dodges has been the aim of landscape painting since the beginning. The only landscape painters whose reputations are so far unimpaired are those who express this inner significance as fully as was possible to their age. Invariably the highest tide reached by successive generations has deposited some unique, unsuperseded, expression, such as that of the Van Eycks, Bellini, or Rembrandt, whose consciousness of landscape was in advance of their time. The utmost perception of landscape reached in our day is represented in this exhibition by Mr. Steer's "The Rainbow", Conder's "L'Estacade" and "Swanage", and Mr. Walter Sickert's "St. Jacques, Dieppe." Mr. Steer's picture is twelve years old; he sees more in landscape now; but on its own plane "The Rainbow" is unsurpassable, as in their individual ways are the other pictures I have named. They express the sum total of knowledge acquired up to their production. Subsequent movements that have deliberately worked on a lower scale of perception, proposing, for example, to dispense with the action of light and atmosphere, are merely academic and of parochial interest. When people have lost the topical clue that explains why Mr. Darsie Japp painted "Dentdale" in a manner suggestive of a barbarian experimenting with a poisonous quality of aniline dyes they will only shrug. Of course Mr. Japp should paint in

whatever convention he likes, but it is another matter whether work of such fashionableness should be selected by a Society whose eye is or should be fixed on permanent value.

Handling the work of living or recently dead artists the Society can afford to hold its hand and purchase with deliberation. The moulds are not smashed nor the good fish in the sea exhausted. To spring for the latest cries, without testing how they will sound in less controversial moments, argues deficient balance. Even supposing Mr. Japp and Mr. Grant and Mrs. Bell all possess "remarkable talent" destined for permanent recognition, surely it were wiser to risk their dying immediately and wait in hopes of an advance on their present and, if I may say so, rather mushroom productions. Surely, too, a better example of W. Christian Symon's might have been waited for, or of Gauguin, or Mr. Tonks. To criticise a Society that is honourably struggling to encourage the genuine talent of our day and that deserves full encouragement and support would be tactless. But experience has shown how very simple it is to embarrass one's funds and wall-space with pictures that prove disappointments. Surface qualities, whether angular and strident or suave and sweet, become obsolete; it is really wiser to invest in deeper stock.

HERBALS.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, Canon of Winchester.

TO others besides botanists there is an irresistible fascination about old herbals. The quaint language in which they are written, the fanciful recipes they contain, the strange folklore and odd pieces of information to be found scattered up and down their pages, in some instances the beautiful woodcuts of plants with which they are embellished, all combine to produce an atmosphere which has a curious charm for lovers of old literature. The extreme rarity, too, of many of the herbals is an additional element of interest, while in some cases the scanty information hitherto available with regard to them has perhaps tended to increase the fascination.

A good deal of light has of late years been thrown upon the subject by the researches of competent students, and it is now possible to trace the evolution at any rate of the printed herbal with comparative certainty. This is what Mrs. Newell Arber has successfully done in her learned and captivating volume.* The work is mainly founded on a study of the herbals themselves, to which the writer has had access not only in English libraries, but in those of Leyden, Haarlem, and elsewhere. The volume is rendered the more interesting and valuable by the excellent illustrations of plants reproduced from photographs taken directly from the originals, and by a number of portraits of famous herbalists.

With the revival of learning in the fifteenth century an interest in botanical subjects quickly manifested itself. This was shown in the appearance from the Press of several works dealing with the medicinal virtues of plants. Perhaps the earliest of these, to which the term herbal can properly be applied, was the "Herbarium" of Apuleius Platonicus. This little Latin work, based on the writings of Dioscorides and Pliny, by an author of the fifth century, had doubtless had a career of many centuries in manuscript before it was printed in Italy. It was quickly followed by three works of considerable importance, published at Mainz, in Germany. These were the Latin "Herbarius" (1484), the German "Herbarius" (1485), and derived from the latter, the "Hortus Sanitatis" (1491). The two former, together with the "Herbarium" of Apuleius Platonicus, may be regarded as the doyens among printed herbals.

The German "Herbarius" was translated into French and published under the title of "Le Grand Herbier". This work is of special interest to British

botanists, inasmuch as it was translated into English, and published in 1526, as the "Grete Herball". The "Grete Herball", now a very rare book, is a volume of much interest. It is printed, of course, in black-letter type, and contains a number of woodcuts, which, however, are crude and not original. It is interesting to notice that a number of remedies there enumerated still hold their own in modern practice. Liquorice is recommended for coughs, laudanum and lettuces as narcotics, olive oil and slaked lime for scalds, and borax and rose-water for the complexion. Cold water, however, is to be avoided. We are told that "many folke that hath bathed them in colde water have dyed or they came home". We learn, too, that "it is unpossoble for them that drynketh over-moche water in their youth to come to ye aye that God ordeyned them".

A fresh era in the history of the herbal may be said to date from the year 1530, when the first part of Brunfels' great work, the "Herbarium vivæ eicones", was published at Strasburg. Brunfels was the earliest of a group of herbalists who have been called "the German Fathers of Botany", the others being Bock, Fuchs, and Cordus. His herbal is chiefly remarkable for the beauty and fidelity of the illustrations, which are separated from previous botanical figures by an almost impassable gulf, and which have only been surpassed in the still more splendid work of Leonard Fuchs, which appeared under the title "De historia stirpium" in 1542. In this magnificent herbal, a first edition of which is lying on the table before me, the art of plant illustration reaches its culminating point. The woodcuts are of extraordinary beauty, and we are fortunate in possessing, in addition to the botanical drawings, a full-length portrait of the author himself holding a spray of Veronica in his hand. At the end of the volume there are also portraits of the two draughtsmen who drew the plants from nature, and of the engraver Rudolf Speckle, who actually cut the blocks. These portraits, which are powerfully drawn, are reproduced in Mrs. Arber's book, and it is pleasant to think, as she truly says, that we know not merely the names, but the very features of the men who collaborated to give us what is perhaps the most beautiful herbal ever produced.

Shortly after Fuchs published his great work the Italian botanist Matthiolus brought out his commentary on Dioscorides, which had a wondrous success, as many as 32,000 copies of the earlier editions being sold. In the Low Countries, too, Dodoens and his companions were busily engaged on a history of plants; while in Switzerland Konrad Gesner, a man of encyclopaedic knowledge, was collecting materials for a similar undertaking, which was to form a companion work to his famous "Historia Animalium".

The greatest name among English herbalists of the Renaissance is undoubtedly that of William Turner, who has been justly called "the Father of British Botany". He was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and taking orders was promoted to the Deanery of Wells in the reign of Edward VI. Being a strong Protestant, he was forced to flee the country during Mary's reign, but was afterwards reinstated under Queen Elizabeth. His earliest botanical work, published in 1538, is interesting as containing the first records of the localities of many of our native British plants. His chief d'œuvre, however, was his "Herball", the first part of which was published in London in 1551, and completed in 1568, when the work was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It is printed in black-letter type, and profusely illustrated, the figures however being taken from the octavo edition of Fuchs' great work. The herbal affords many instances of Turner's independence of thought. He fought against what he considered as superstition in science with the same ardour as he entered upon religious controversy. As an instance in point we notice that the legend of the human form of the mandrake receives scant mercy at his hands.

In 1578 appeared the next great English work in the history of herbals. This was Henry Lyte's translation

* "Herbals: their Origin and Evolution A Chapter in the History of Botany, 1470-1670" By Agnes Arber. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

of Dodoens' famous work, which he brought out under the title of "A Nieuwe Herball or Historie of Plantes", with numerous illustrations taken for the most part from the octavo edition of Fuchs. The book did not add greatly to the knowledge of English plants, but Lyte did a valuable service in introducing Dodoens' herbal into this country. This was followed in 1597 by Gerard's "Generall Historie of Plantes", the best known and most frequently quoted herbal in the English language, but one which is mainly conspicuous for its elaborate and unscrupulous plagiarism. The second and improved edition, published thirty-six years later, showed however an immense advance on the original, and to Thomas Johnson, the editor, who unfortunately lost his life in the defence of Basing House during the Civil Wars, English botanists owe an undying debt of gratitude. Shortly before the appearance of "Gerardus Emaculatus", John Parkinson brought out his "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris", the first three words of the title forming a pun on the author's name, which may be rendered thus "Of Park-in-sun". This work has lately become accessible in the form of a facsimile reprint.

It is interesting to notice that an overwhelming number of the herbalists were physicians, who were doubtless led to the study of botany on account of its connexion with the science of healing. A large number, too, were adherents of the Reformed Faith, in whose writings we find, comparatively speaking, little belief in any kind of superstition concerning plants, such as the doctrine of signatures or astrology. Many books dealing with such topics had appeared, and were doubtless acceptable, especially in the case of Culpeper's herbal, to the popular fancy. But it would be an entire mistake to associate the distinguished herbalists of the Renaissance period—the German Fuchs, the Italian Matthiolus, the Belgian Dodoens, the Swiss Gesner, the English Turner—with such medical mountebanks as Paracelsus of Basle, and Nicholas Culpeper and William Cole.

THE OLD SQUIRE'S WELCOME.—II.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THE matter of the gates seemed to pass in a few moments from the old Squire's mind. He was in too good a humour to be dashed by a trifl—a man might well be in a good humour on returning after seven years under the mould to such sun and song as that afternoon was steeped in. Besides, he had just enjoyed a great run. The old Squire was in pink, and almost on the instant the younger Brokase came into the room he noticed an odd thing: he particularly noticed that his father's riding-breeches and faded coat were thickly splattered all over with spots of mud that were not at all like fresh mud from the surface of the wet fields of the Stiffshire country. The clay looked as if it had been on for years. A small thing—but one at which a nerve as iron even as that of Henry Brokase well might quail.

The Squire had enjoyed the run of a lifetime, the run of eternity. He was keen as in old days to take his son over the ground, and began with the draw off and the find; but remembering that nothing had passed his lips for a long, long time, he thought he could do with a biscuit and a glass or two of the old brown sherry that had time out of mind been a feature of Botes hospitality.

Henry Brokase touched the bell.

He hoped as he did so the Squire would not notice the action—the Squire, regarding electricity as an invention of the devil, had always rung the bell.

Henry Brokase had a head of ice which not even this terrible visitor had quite melted. He would have kept something of his presence of mind had all the fiends that chased Tam O'Shanter from the chapel to the river been on his track; and, remembering in time a wise precaution, he swiftly acted on it, and before the man had time to answer the bell he rose and went into the hall.

"Some biscuits and sherry for your . . . your master in the study." He added in the same monotonous key, the voice being fleshless and bloodless, "You have not spoken to anybody about this?"

"No, sir", said the window-blind.

"Then it will be better to say nothing whatever on the subject. You quite understand?"

"Very good, sir", came again from the blind, and Henry Brokase returned to the study to hear about the day's sport.

He remembered as he did so that this was Friday, a non-hunting day with the Stiffshire. With what nightmare pack of the dead had his father been out? Bizarre thoughts crowded in on him as he closed the door carefully: he wondered whether the dead ever broke their necks in a run as hard as this clearly had been, and what form first-aid should take in such a case.

By an iron effort of will he crushed out these irresponsible thoughts and sat down to hear of the run.

It appeared they had found in the copse at No Man's End. It was an old dog fox. He pointed for Grimes Ditch, then turned off sharp to the left after two miles' quick work in the open, the scent, despite the day, being a burning one, and the whole pack singing a glorious tune.

The old Squire warmed to his great theme. Henry Brokase was not much of a fox-hunting man himself. He had too many other concerns to run. But he thought he had never recognised before the immense thrall there is in the sport. He knew by common report and some observation how it could stir the blood in men and women of all classes and ages. He knew that the fox-hunting butcher in the village of Botes Charity, who had followed the Stiffshire for forty years, would go out on a plain cart-horse, and contrive by a sort of wonderful fox-hunting instinct to see a great deal of the sport in at least the wooded parts of the country—which Nature had really meant for pheasants, not foxes. He knew the wicked local story of the sporting parson at Laggerstone who was drawn clean away to his stable in the midst of the burial service through the hounds running a fox hard by the church-yard. But here was something still more convincing of the thrall of the sport—hounds drawing the hunter out of his very tomb where he had slept for seven years.

Henry Brokase beat down anew his agonisingly active mind, and waited on the Squire's further account of the run.

From Grimes the fox ran over Court Down, and at a rattling pace made straight for Cold Henley Wood. But just as he was going to enter it a ploughman turned him off to the right and he ran on to Gallows Farm. It was there at length he began to give great signs of distress.

"He ran through the farmyard", exclaimed the Squire in a glory, "in at the open door, and—what do you think, Henry?—right under the petticoats of the old dame!"

The Squire broke out into a gust of laughter—"And blest if he didn't go clean up the great open chimney a yard or two and bring down the soot in showers! The woman screamed with fright. She verily believed Old Nick had come down the chimney with that hot black stuff to pull her off to the infernal regions".

The Squire, recalling the scene, went off into another explosion. Such good wholesome earthly laughter had not been heard in that room since the old days when himself and Easy forgathered over their smokes and drinks.

Henry thought to himself "The laughter in Hades is not quite so hollow then as brother Edmund would represent it".

Even then this wonderful fox was not beat. He went out of the window as the hounds were coming thick into the farmyard, and nosing and yelling at the doorway, and he went away across the grubbed ground, with the pack on him again after hardly a check. He made for the great earths at Heaven Hill hedge coppice. Only the Squire and the huntsman out of the whole field were in at the kill there.

"Yoicks, yoicks!" yelled the Squire at this crowning point in his story.

"By God, Henry, there never was such a run since Waleran the Hunter held Botes—an eighteen-mile point and two and three-quarter hours as I'm a living man. That old fox was cunning and bold enough to have cheated Beelzebub."

The Squire thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a scrap of furry something.

"See", he said, "I brought away this—there's not such a good brush in the whole country."

Henry Brokase glanced at the bloody fragment which the Squire flourished for a moment or two ere he thrust it back into his pocket.

What he saw, amidst the hair caked with dry blood, was curiously like a miniature cloven hoof.

"But, Henry", said the Squire, "where is Maria, and where are the girls? Do they know I'm here? And where", he added with a little grimace, "is the Bishop? I suppose we shall have to send down to the Rectory to fetch up S. Edmund, eh?"

Now all through the Squire's account of the run there had been in the mind of Henry thoughts of Maria and Brother Edmund and the two rather watery and rather acid spinsters whom the Squire still called through old habit the girls. They, and indeed the whole household of Botes Court, and the whole neighbourhood were a pack that had been hot on the chase of Henry himself at the back of poor Henry's mind; and the old Squire was the terrible huntsman who was cheering them on.

How was the news to be broken to them: how would they take it: how could they take it: how was the household to be kept in the dark, even though Truman the butler were suddenly struck dumb and never communicated another idea or ghost of a suggestion by expression or sign to the servants' hall: and how was the neighbourhood of Botes—the neighbourhood, which, like other country neighbourhoods, lives and has its being in gossip, thick gossip—to be kept from knowing a word about this thing? All these thoughts chased Henry at heartbreak speed. They tumbled over one another like the thoughts in a man who is lying awake all night, and at length begins to suffer from nervous exhaustion.

But Henry Brokase, though hard pressed, was far from giving in yet. He was a brave one who could hold out, if needs be, for more than two and three-quarter hours even against the open tomb. Above all things, Henry was an organiser. Besides the two classes into which mankind seems to fall easily—creators and critics—there appears to be distinctly a third and much smaller and selecter one which belongs properly to neither. The organiser is not creator. He never really makes anything; neither house, nor book, nor picture, nor any article in the world of either use or beauty. He does not dig, plough, draw water or cut wood.

Yet neither is he critic as we understand the word. The critic expresses an opinion; for example that the Botes Court system is a bad system or a good system; that this story has some point in it or some atmosphere, but that it wants grip, that it wants cohesion; that the author had much better stick to something he knows about, birds and beasts for instance, or fish, instead of trying to write short stories; and that short stories, in any case, do not pay when they are produced in book form.

The organiser, however, though he does not create the story or criticise it, though he does not make a single thing on the Botes estate, directs, conducts these things into the most effective and often into the most lucrative channels. Things which do not pay at all he causes to pay. I have not the least idea how he, without palpably adding half a spadeful or a single stroke of the hammer to the wealth of the world yet adds great things. I imagine it has a great deal to do with the chair and the committee. He is on the committee. There is

nothing much in that; we have all been on the committee. He is voted to the chair; or he is vice-chair; and there must be a great deal in that. Probably the chair is the organ on which the thing is based. As working vice-chair of the great line of that part of the country, the London and North Southern Railway, Henry Brokase knew every stationmaster and inspector on the entire system. He knew how to deal with individuals and with combinations alike. The company had profound faith in him. He could settle disputes, arrange claims. It was believed by some of his enthusiastic supporters that one day he would take in hand the whole labour question as it affected the railways, and raise the wages without somehow lowering the dividends, or even taking it out of the public by higher fares. Before Henry Brokase joined the board of the L. and N.S.R. and took up the working of it the ordinary shares were down to 110. By the time he had been vice-chair two years the shares stood at 129 ex-dividend. Now that is the result not of creation or criticism, but of Organisation.

What the vice-chair—vice decidedly, thought Henry as he saw his father once more enthroned in the old seat—had now to do was to prevent scenes among the heirs and heiresses in Botes Court when the old Squire's return was announced to them. We may leave it at that for the present. Only imagine the flutter of the Squire's relict, the sensitive Maria, when her stepson has to break to her the news that her old husband, indulgent, supportful, but after seven years' absence not absolutely indispensable, is in the study asking to see her. Imagine the harrowing of the girls—once all sugar and sentiment, now in some degree vinegar and venom—by the request that they shall feel exactly as they felt seven years ago; to put back the clock of time on the sly is one thing—to put back the clock of feeling, how vastly another! Imagine Brother Edmund when he is told that the Brokase vault in his own freehold of Botes Charity Church has, unknown to himself, opened and given up its last lodger.

Then you will realise that poor Henry Brokase had a task against which that of satisfying at once the claims of labour and the claims of the railway shareholders was light enough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—There are two sides to the question of imported plumage to the United Kingdom, including sentimental and business considerations. The sentimental point, which is probably the one which has forced itself most upon the public, is that which calls attention to the fact that in order to follow the fashion of the day ladies are persuaded to purchase hats decorated with the plumage of birds which is often obtained by methods which can only be described as cruel and which are odious to all ornithologists, scientists and bird-lovers, for there is little doubt that frequently birds are collected without any regard to the future of the species and in a manner which is or should be revolting to civilised people.

Much evidence is to hand that rookeries have been attacked and birds such as egrets have been shamefully shot on their nests, whilst the young are left to perish. In this manner thousands of young birds of rare species have been left to die in order that plumage may be secured at the time it is in the most beautiful condition.

The Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, President of the Board of Trade, has described these massacres as follows: "The egret is shot, the few coveted feathers are torn from the back, the body is left to rot on the ground and its young ones perish of starvation. Thus for each 'aigrette' many egrets are ruthlessly massacred or perish miserably".

Different species of the humming-birds, egrets, birds of Paradise, white heron and Impeyan pheasant have been almost wiped out in various parts of the world, and whilst some of Nature's most beautiful specimens

are rapidly disappearing there is no single argument which can be advanced to prove that the extinction of many breeds is not near, whatever the traders may say to the contrary. This side of the question, important though it is, is not, however, the most serious; for by encouraging the importation of plumage from the British Empire overseas we are inflicting a great blow at agriculture in various countries under the flag, notably in India and Australia.

The Governments of India, of the Dominions and Colonies, realising the danger to agriculture in permitting the extermination of insectivorous birds, have passed legislation prohibiting the destruction of native birds, but unfortunately their efforts are nullified owing to the great traffic which is carried on by traders in the vast areas of the countries concerned which the authorities are unable to watch. The result is that the Dominions and Crown Colonies do all that they can to preserve their bird life, whilst Great Britain stands by and by her inaction defeats all the legislative action of the Britons overseas. We are the aiders and abettors of an illegal traffic, and as a nation are engaged in smuggling from the Dominions the very goods which they are endeavouring to preserve.

The following petition sent to the late Colonial Secretary fully proves the urgency of this question :

To the Secretary of State for the Colonies:

The humble petition of the undersigned sheweth :—

That, recognising the scientific importance and economic value of birds, all the Colonies of Great Britain, with but few insignificant exceptions, have passed laws to protect native birds, but in almost every instance these laws have been rendered abortive by illicit export.

That one need do no more than examine the catalogues of the London plume sales to realise how enormous is the drain on bird life of the Colonies.

That this annual slaughter during the breeding season—for it is only at this period that feathers are of value to the trade—must result at no distant date in the extermination of many species.

That the millinery interest has no property rights in the birds of the Colonies, each Colony being entitled to retain its own wild birds for the benefit of its agriculture and forestry and for its own citizens.

That it is your petitioners' humble prayer that your Lordship will be pleased speedily to take such steps as to you shall seem meet to change the present distressing conditions regarding the wild birds of the Colonies.

This was signed by Richard Solomon, High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, W. Hall-Jones, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and G. H. Reid, High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia.

There are a thousand examples of the agricultural value of bird life, and one instance will be sufficient to prove how vital is its preservation. When the Mormons settled in Utah, for two years their wheat crops were destroyed by crickets; but just as the second crop was destroyed there was an invasion of Franklin's gulls which exterminated the crickets, and now whenever the cricket appears the gulls preserve the crops. Information is just to hand that a monument has been erected by the inhabitants to the gulls which have preserved the crops; this is believed to be the first instance of such recognition of bird life, and is eloquent testimony to the agricultural protection which they afford.

Whenever the question of plumage legislation is raised the argument is advanced that if we introduced legislation the trade would go to foreign countries, and that therefore the end we desire would not be gained. My answer to this is that if we cut off the demand in the United Kingdom we should reduce the slaughter considerably; and even if Paris continues to import plumage regardless of the consequences, at least we should be freed from the stigma of helping to damage Colonial agriculture and evading their laws. Again, it is argued that there would be a loss to labour and certain manufactures; but so there is in India as a result of opium legislation, and so there was in South America as a result of the abolition of slaves. There is in this connexion however this difference: as long as women

wear hats, so long will they require trimmings, and one form of labour will soon be replaced by another, and a great impetus will be given to ostrich farming, which is a legitimate Imperial industry.

If the trade were a very large one there might be a strong argument in favour of the wage-earner; but it is very small, especially when the value of the dead bird is compared with the value of the living bird to agriculture in the countries from which they are exported.

The Bill which I am now bringing before the House of Commons is supported by a large majority of members, and only requires public support; once we have obtained that I feel confident that the Government will grant facilities for its passage.

I am yours etc.

HENRY PAGE CROFT.

WOMEN AND BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood Woodham Woking
9 April 1913.

SIR—The article in your Review on "The Crying Need for the Plumage Bill" ends with an indictment against the "miserable ring of Philistine dealers who murder the loveliest forms of bird life to glut their greed". I fear the writer might with justice add "in order to pander to the vanity and thoughtless cruelty of women".

Sensitive and emotional when anything painful is brought before our very eyes we seem to remain cold and indifferent to what we only hear or read about, and some of us appear to become veritable vampires when our love of display is concerned.

In spite of all that has been written on the subject of the cruelty involved in bringing this vast quantity of feathers into the market merely for millinery purposes, we still remain callous and indifferent, and are so accustomed to look at these things as "trimmings" that we lose all remembrance of their having been living, breathing creatures killed for the poor gratification of our vanity. From the artistic point of view nothing would be lost by our ceasing to use these "trimmings", for we seem to lack even the primitive perception of artistic decoration of the savage, who at least leaves the feathers he wears intact, whilst we not only rob the bird of its feathers but then proceed to strip the feathers themselves, and complacently adorn ourselves with a bare quill standing erect upon our graceless heads.

From the economic standpoint, if the following lines are true, our husbands would also reap the benefit:

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat her fill;
She had a bird's wing in her hat,
And Jack, he had the bill."

We shudder with horror at any form of cruelty that we actually see, and I believe, Sir, that if only by means of a kinematograph or other "moving" picture we could be shown this "murder" of millions of bright and happy creatures we should be horrified and distressed, and recognising as we do that all life is an expression of God, should endeavour to do all that in us lies to treat it as sacred.

I remain yours etc.
BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

"THE TRAGEDY OF A NATION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Christchurch Hants, 5 April 1913.

SIR—Your correspondent, Mr. Roy Trevor, sings the praises of Montenegro. Can he explain the reports in the papers of baskets full of Turkish ears and noses being sent to the Prince of Montenegro, or is this merely a commonplace of Christian Balkan methods? Is this the work of "gallant little Montenegro" and her allies? Is this part of the record of "honourable advance

upon the highway of social and moral progress"? Surely the Turks did not cut off their own noses!

Mr. Trevor speaks of the love of fair play of all-powerful England. He may well ask "Where is England's sense of fair play, of justice for the weak against unbridled ambition and overweening oppression?"

England might have supported the weak. She could have prevented the raid on Tripoli. She could have supported Turkey, her ancient friend. She could have helped Persia to become another Egypt: all to her own good. But what has she done? She has deserted her Moslem friends and left them a prey to their barbarous enemies. She has betrayed Turkey and Persia to the Slavs. In Mr. Trevor's words (which he applies to Montenegro) England has smirched her own fame by hastening the ruin of a nation whose profound veneration she had retained so long. Her diplomacy must be the laughing-stock of Europe, and especially of S. Petersburg, and the scorn of every True Believer in India and Egypt. She has a fleet—but is afraid to use it! Can a tiny army preserve an empire? The ambitions of Russia are directly opposed to the interests of England. So England cringes to Russia and gives her Persia. Yet we have nothing in common with the Slavs, but much (were we not blinded by a modern hate born of fear) with the Teutons. The "Tragedy of a Nation" is not that of Montenegro; but de te, Britannia, fabula narratur. You print a "Saturday Portrait" of Admiral Beatty. It would be good news indeed to hear that with a powerful fleet he had left for the Bosphorus. But, of course, nothing of the sort will happen. England cannot control a few of her own women; how then can she control the destiny of an empire? We have surrendered Persia, why not Constantinople? What was the use of the Crimean War? Why talk of Balaclava? The fall of Constantinople will see the Decline of the British Empire well on its way. Surely a European war would be preferable to such a dis-honourable peace as would satisfy Russian ambition. England's present foreign policy has apparently the support of both Front Benches in the House of Commons, so that there is no hope from the politicians. Moreover, the latter (including some in high places) are now amusing themselves by maltreating the very class of their own countrymen by whose brains and blood the British Empire has been built and maintained. Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.

Your obedient servant
HERBERT DRIOTT.

"MONUMENTAL JAVA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—I do not propose, of course, to controvert your reviewer's censure of my system of transliteration, method of punctuation and general mode of expression in my latest volume "Monumental Java" (Macmillan). De gustibus . . . : that which irritates him has found favour with the "Athenaeum", has been warmly commended by other brethren of the craft as a vivid record ("Westminster Gazette"), excellent writing ("Daily News"), a bold and broad style ("Cambridge Review"), a remarkably picturesque style ("Glasgow Herald"), highly individual and original in style, treatment and point of view ("Scotsman")—and so I might go on if the exigencies of your space and my modesty alike did not urge against further citation.

But I demur to your reviewer conveying the impression that I place splendid monuments of the highest Eastern art in a part of the island—namely the western—which, on the contrary, is singularly destitute in that respect. The Dieng temples he seems to mean are situated where five of the middle residencies meet, as stated in the opening lines of chapter iii. And on p. 35 I say distinctly: "To the best of our knowledge there were never any Hindu temples at all in West Java".

I beg leave to add, regarding the plan of "Monu-

mental Java", which your reviewer failed to discover, that, if not evident at the first rapid glance, it may be traced in the Brahma Viharas or sublime conditions repeatedly referred to, whose reward, the jewel of perfection, lies enshrined in the Boro Budoor, herself emblematic of the haven of refuge, the cool cave of bliss.

Yours faithfully
J. F. SCHELTEMA.

THE TEACHING OF GOLF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 Southampton Street Bloomsbury W.C.
31 March 1913.

SIR—Mr. Filson Young's article, "The Teaching of Golf", should be of very great value to those golfers who are able to extract the lesson from it. In certain quarters objection has been taken to Mr. Young's statement that "the Professional Golfers' Association is a very fine body of players and of good fellows; but, considered as a teaching organisation, it is a body of quacks", but there can be no doubt that if we are to judge them by the published work of the leading members of the body, Mr. Filson Young's statement is entirely correct.

I have recently established by a public and scientifically conducted test the fact that the teaching of the three leading golfers of the world—namely, Braid, Taylor, and Vardon—is fundamentally unsound. This has been most conclusively demonstrated, and James Sherlock has given his certificate that in his opinion the teaching of Braid, Taylor, and Vardon cannot possibly be carried out in practical golf. There is not the slightest doubt that this is true. The wonderful duplicate scales which were made for the West End School of Golf by Messrs. W. and T. Avery prove beyond the possibility of argument that the instructions contained in the published work of the famous triumvirate are not practical golf. If I am saying anything which Braid, Taylor, or Vardon consider unjust I am prepared to meet them, or any one of them, in public, and stand by my words.

The fact is that for far too long have golfers been made the sport of enterprising publishers, who have hired journalists ignorant of the first principles of the game to write books for famous golfers who do not know the theory of the game. The result is, as might naturally be expected, ludicrous in the extreme. Let us take an example—Braid, Taylor, and Vardon are practically agreed that when addressing the ball the player's weight must be equally distributed. Certainly Braid does say that one "may" have a little more weight on the right heel than on the left, and Taylor does say that the right carries a little more weight than the left, but that such weight should not be appreciable. Vardon says that the weight should be equally distributed. Thus it will be seen that they practically declare for equal distribution of weight. They then tell their pupils that they must thereafter, during the drive, keep their heads still, and that they must not move their hips away from the hole—in fact, they tell them to keep the head still and to use the spine as an axis on which the body may work. But notwithstanding this they instruct their pupils to put the weight of the body on the right leg at the top of the swing! It seems to me that it should be apparent to a person of very ordinary understanding that it is physically impossible to carry out these instructions. Yet it was necessary for the West End School of Golf to spend over £50 in having specially constructed scales made to prove the utter fallacy of this teaching.

This is only one of many other delusions and fallacies which are foisted on to the unfortunate beginner at golf. I may give as illustrations the stupid notion that the left hand and arm are more important in the golfing stroke than the right hand and arm, and also the hoary old delusion about getting the wrists into the stroke at the moment of impact. These things certainly were all believed some few years ago, because it was the

custom to take as gospel anything which the leading professionals said, but, if we must have the plain truth, the leading professionals do not know the theory of the game. Their records speak quite well for their knowledge of the practice of it.

When, however, we have a player like Vardon stating that in the push stroke he hits the ball with the face of his club overlapping it, and then at the moment of impact twirls the blade of the club rapidly round the ball, thus picking it up "cleanly" and sending it on its way with a large amount of backspin, we see that it is beyond doubt that their minds are absolutely hazy about the mechanical action which produces the effects that they get so easily and naturally.

I could multiply indefinitely instances of the dense ignorance of the leading professionals about these matters, but fear to trespass too much on your space.

There are unquestionably good golf teachers. Sherlock I regard as a most sound coach, and he has done good service for the game by his recent contribution to the literature of golf, the first and only piece of writing worthy of a first-class professional golfer.

George Duncan is also a first-class coach, and there are no doubt others, but if we take the highest class in the Professional Golfers' Association and judge them on their published works, they justify up to the hilt Mr. Filson Young's statement that "the Professional Golfers' Association is . . . considered as a teaching organisation . . . a body of quacks", for there are thousands of their books scattered about the country teaching that which is not golf, and I maintain that either Mr. Filson Young and I are guilty of a most unwarrantable attack on reputable and decent men, or they are guilty of doing great harm to a game which has done so much for them. It is their duty either to uphold their teaching and to show that they are right, or to admit that it is fundamentally unsound and to do their very best to overtake the false teaching which is being spread throughout the world with the authority of their names.

I am Sir etc.

P. A. VAILE.

A NOTE ON DANTE'S "INFERNO".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 The College Glasgow.

SIR—One is slow to suppose that in a matter so highly specialised as the study of Dante any discoveries can be left for the casual reader to make; and yet none of the commentaries that I have been able to consult appears to make any mention of the Scripture text from which Dante's opening verse is translated, or of its aptness for the "dramatic" (and probably the actual) date of the poem taking shape.

"Inferno" xxi. 112-114 gives 7 A.M. on Holy Saturday as the exact time. In the Office for Holy Saturday at Lauds, among the psalms, comes the "Canticum Ezechiae" (Isaias xxxviii.), which begins: "Ego dixi: in dimidio dierum meorum vadam ad portas inferi".

Surely this text is as significant as the passage in the "Convito" (iv. 23) about the climacteric of 35, which I find usually alleged as an interpretation. The "Divina Commedia" began in a meditation at Tenebrae! Commentators in general do not keep good enough watch for literary echoes from the offices of the Church. Why do not the Shakespearians tell us that the original of Sonnet xciv.:

"They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show . . ."

is in the lesson in the "Commune Confessorum non Pontificum" in the Roman Missal?

"Qui potuit transgredi et non est transgressus;
facere mala et non fecit."—Eccl. xxxi. 10.

Faithfully yours

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

REVIEWS.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S OLD SONG.

"The Muse in Exile." By William Watson. London: Jenkins. 1913. 3s. 6d. net.

"**M**E miserrimum" is the burden of these verses. Mr. Watson complains—not selfishly, but on behalf of his mystery—that this generation, when a poet sings, is hard of hearing; that, finding no echo in the breast of a multitude, the singer loses heart.

"Year after year it grows more hard
For the Muse to capture the world's regard";

or, as the publisher puts it, there is no market for original verse. But has Mr. Watson personally a right to complain? We do not mean to suggest that Mr. Watson will sell as many copies of this book as he deserves, or that his name is in men's mouths as frequently as we would have it. In a reasonably managed world Mr. Watson ought to be at any rate as famous as Chirgwin or Jack Johnson; but he is not. Mr. Watson, however, complaining that this age undervalues a poet, should, when it comes to his own case, seriously consider that a poet may equally be guilty of undervaluing this age. If a poet steadily refuses to find any poetry in this generation, it is not wonderful that this generation should steadily refuse to find any poetry in him. Mr. Watson does not, in this little book, love the years of his life. He would vastly have preferred to be born a thousand years ago. Even in Ireland, the country of his election, he seems homesick for a previous existence. "Here", he exclaims, in Clontarf:

"Here, nigh a thousand years ago,
King Brian fought the Dane,
On a day of ruin and overthrow,
And at eve in his tent was slain".

There, at any rate, is life for you—tall men, tall deeds, and, doubtless, tall poets to match. But to-day there are tramcars in Clontarf (Oh, horrible!);

"And they jolt me back with a ruthless whirl,
From ages of myth and mist,
To an Ireland ruled by a harmless earl
And an innocent essayist".

Mr. Watson does not add—perhaps the irony would have too fine a point—that the innocent essayist is probably one of the elect ten thousand who will read this lament upon so sorry a substitute for King Brian and his bloody deeds. Tintagil is Clontarf repeated to exasperation. They have built an hotel at Tintagil:

"Fled is the Queen, the fair and fragile,
Flown with the knight she loved too well;
But the sea still roars beneath Tintagil
And that hotel".

We may quite reasonably chaff Mr. Watson for his querulous hearkening after the echoes of yesterday. It is not an accident that this little volume—

"Verse—a light handful—verse again I bring
Verse that perhaps had flowed with lustier hues
Amid more fostering air"—

that this little volume should leave with us an impression of discontent not entirely divine. Mr. Watson turns wearily from the uses of this twentieth-century world, not because he is too great and too sensitive a poet to endure it, but because he is too limited and too timid a poet to find in it his inspiration. Mr. Watson's heart is in the grave with Wordsworth; he sees the world to-day as his favourite poets have taught him to see it; he does not see it for himself. Significantly, the lines of this book into which something like a positive passion enters are lines upon the centenary of Dickens. Mr. Watson's passion is literature, not life; and the qualities of his verse are consonant. It attains, at best, a cold precision; it rejoices in a deliberate exploitation

of English poetic literature; it is marked with an assured self-knowledge of the author that thus far he can go and no farther. These are qualities for which all but the greatest must heavily pay. Mr. Watson pays with a profound distrust of all those manifestations of modern life whose poetic value is an undiscovered country. The waste places of this generation are not for Mr. Watson a region unexplored, provinces in the making. They are a land of civilised hostility, whence the Muse by set decree is an exile. To take an instance from the extreme left wing of the battalion of poets, whereas Mr. Masefield goes into the wild places of modern life, beaten at one point, successful at another, but definitely, as a pioneer, pushing out the poetic boundary, Mr. Watson repeats the tale of conquests already made. In more homely phrase Mr. Watson seems definitely to give up this modern world as a bad job. He cannot therefore justly complain—we return now to our original point—that the modern world is deaf. Mr. Watson has no message for the modern world. He repeats, with varying degrees of accomplishment, echoes of an old tale.

Mr. Watson, in the preface of this book, tells a little story drawn from his own experience. He is talking about critics; and he does not very heartily admire them. He describes the critic as an "officious interloper between writers and readers". We frankly admit that the first condition of an author's sanity is a cool disregard and a just contempt for newspaper criticism; but Mr. Watson's little story is rather an exposure of himself than of his interlopers. It seems that Mr. Watson had been reading very thoroughly some of the Old English chronicles—Gildas, Bede, Nennius and Florence of Worcester. He had been greatly struck—which is surely not wonderful—with the many noble phrases and metaphors in which these chroniclers abound. Some of them were too good to be left in their authors' keeping; so Mr. Watson imported them into a poem he was writing at the time. The critics, it seems, never discovered it. They not only failed to identify the sources; they also failed to discover that the imported phrases, presumably Mr. Watson's own, were magnificent. They did not, on the strength of those phrases, proclaim that Mr. Watson was a genius. "They passed", says Mr. Watson in painful amazement, "without a word of comment."

We do not wish to say anything about the critics' share in this unfortunate episode. We have not even seen the poem into which these phrases were imported. But the story perfectly illustrates Mr. Watson's attitude towards art and life. A beautiful poem may be made—or at any rate improved—with beautiful phrases taken from an old chronicle. If you would write a beautiful poem, you must read a beautiful book. All the poetry in the world lies within the compass of a library. All poetic things have been expressed; to-day they may only be repeated. Mr. Watson quarrels with his critics, not because they failed to find in themselves an echo of his own poetic emotion, or to see a poetic vision of life which he himself had seen, but because they did not appreciate in Mr. Watson's lines this phrase or that taken from the poetry of another.

"THE FRONTIERS OF THE HEART."

"The Frontiers of the Heart." From the French of Victor Margueritte, by Frederic Lees. London: Heinemann. 1913. 6s.

M. VICTOR MARGUERITTE, poet, playwright, essayist and novelist, both alone and in collaboration with his brother Paul, recently joined forces to produce an "*Histoire de la Guerre de 1870-1871*"; and this novel, we take it, is a by-product of the work of research. "*Les Frontières du Coeur*" was one of the successes of 1912, and now appears in an English guise, of which more anon. M. Margueritte has imagined the case of a spirited French girl, devotedly attached to her country and to her native town—Amiens—and to her family (mostly soldiers), who falls

in love with and marries a young German doctor, equally attached to Marburg and his family. The war breaks out when Marthe and Otto have enjoyed the first two years of married life—and "the frontiers of the heart" are invaded. Throughout M. Margueritte maintains the parallel between the actual invasion and the psychological with consummate skill; and, for one of the nation which suffered, holds the balance between the disputants and the internal factions very fairly. The tragedy of their private lives is easily precipitated by the very plausible device of making Otto, who is serving as army doctor with the Prussian invaders, enter Amiens and return to the house where his wife and her family live. Their child is born to the sound of battle; Otto names him Hermann; Marthe jealously adds Jean Pierre. In the course of the war she loses her friend, her grandfather and one of her brothers; the other brother, wounded by the Prussians, has to submit to Otto's surgery. When peace is concluded—shameful peace, as Marthe thinks—Otto tries to persuade her to return to Marburg; this she ultimately does, but in vain. The pair have lost their love, and arrange to separate, with alternate custody of the child.

M. Margueritte's book is, for those who can compass good French style, thoroughly well worth reading, not only for its clear epitome of the unhappy war, but for the clever, unforced narrative of this tragedy of patriotism. However much we may disagree with the philosophic moral of the story, we can find no hole to pick in the author's comprehensive treatment of his theme; but, intentionally or not, he leaves us with the impression that the balance of true generosity in this particular case lies with the German father and not with the French mother. We should prefer to be able to say that Mr. Frederic Lees' translation was worthy of the original; but only one of those adjectives which damn with faint praise—as "faithful"—can be fairly applied to it. He writes "from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, from the top to the bottom of the hill, ancestral mansions had succeeded each other, and which still witnessed to the past" (p. 35); and his idea of colloquial equivalent is "'That is also estimable, is it not?' exclaimed Otto" (p. 37). He glosses the French "mobiles" as "mobolized soldiers" (sic), and continually translates "évoquer" as "evoke". He has resorted dutifully to the dictionary, and extracted the following familiar English words: "drooling", "calmative", "vertiginous", "nacreous", "lancinating", "sanies", "hemiplegy", "glabrous", and "atavic". But translation is an odious job.

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE.

"Sir Frederick Maurice: a Record of his Work and Opinions." With Eight Essays on Discipline and National Efficiency. Edited by his Son, Lieut.-Col. F. Maurice. London: Arnold. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS memoir of Sir Frederick Maurice and of his work and opinions is of considerable interest at the present moment, when one of the most serious questions of the day is how to make the nation realise the vital importance of the manhood of the nation accepting its military responsibilities. We recommend some of Sir Frederick Maurice's Essays to those who raise childish cries against "militancy" when any attempt is made to convert our attenuated military forces into an effective weapon of defence.

That Sir Frederick Maurice was a man of brilliant intellect and considerable knowledge is unquestionable. It is true that many good and practical soldiers who knew him in peace and war declined to accept him as a "soldier" in the sense of being a leader of men, but none denied his uncommon brain powers and his acumen as a profound student of military art; whilst his personal courage was beyond question, and indeed was that of a fanatic. His devotion and enthusiasm for men he admired and respected, such as Lord Wolseley,

were boundless, and here again he evinced the courage of a ghazi, who would annihilate all who opposed him, totally regardless of himself.

Sir Frederick's name will be handed down among those of our foremost military writers. Pre-eminent among his works is his famous "Hostilities without Declaration of War", which appeared in 1883 at the time when an unscrupulous lot of financiers, backed by civilian strategists and a few political soldiers, were trying to rush through the Channel Tunnel scheme. Sir Frederick Maurice exposed the absurdity of their assertions that we should always have time given us to destroy a tunnel by a formal warning in the shape of a declaration of war, and, taking the period 1700-1870 as an example, he showed that in the intervening 170 years in less than ten cases had we received any formal warning, whilst in 107 others actual hostilities had preceded any declaration. The result was that the mischievous scheme was shelved, and, in spite of some recent efforts on the part of Sir Conan Doyle and other military experts of like repute to disinter it, it is likely to remain so.

In 1904 appeared his famous "Diary of Sir John Moore", one of the most important military records of our day. It came at a time when such a work was peculiarly wanted, for only a few years before Mr. Oman, in his excellent "History of the Peninsular War", had revived the ancient attack on Moore which was a discreditable feature of our history a century ago. Sir Frederick had the great good fortune to have at his disposal Sir John Moore's missing journals, and these he now published, and once and for all swept aside the ancient calumnies on Moore's competence and wisdom as a leader. It is largely owing to the "Diary" that Mr. John Fortescue, in his "History of the British Army", has been able to place on record for all time Moore's splendid services. But Sir Frederick's energies were unceasing where anything connected with the improvement of the nation and of the Army was concerned. Among the essays in this book is one on "National Health", a subject he was led to investigate owing to the number of our young soldiers who were annually lost to the service through imperfect physique. He devoted much attention to this problem, and he was one of the first to recognise the vast importance of the work done by Sir Malcolm Fox as Inspector of Gymnasia under Lord Wolseley, due to the entirely novel methods of physical training he introduced into our Army. Of him Sir Frederick wrote in 1897: "He has remodelled our gymnastic training . . . his work is altogether admirable. . . The effect of this system on underfed and undersized recruits holds out great promise, not only to the Army, but to the nation at large". The truth of these words is shown by the results we have with us to this day. Yet Lord Roberts and the military authorities let this man go into retirement without any thanks or acknowledgment for his services. That he was some ten years later granted a knighthood on the recommendation of the Board of Education in recognition of his important services to the nation in the matter of physical training is but one more proof of Sir Frederick Maurice's shrewd foresight and acute judgment.

A COMMUNE OF PARIS.

"*Histoire des Communes annexées à Paris en 1859.*"
Publiée sous les auspices du Conseil Général
Vaugirard. Par M. Lucien Lambaud. Paris:
Ernest Leroux. 1912.

WE may still learn much from France, and in one respect more than any other. We have no national institution in England analogous to the French "Ecole des Chartes", where record-searchers and other students of ancient manuscripts are trained by the State to do their work thoroughly and efficiently. No one can become the "archiviste" of a department or of an important French town without holding the diploma of an "archiviste paléographe". This college was founded originally in 1819, and put

into its present shape two years later on, since when hundreds of accomplished searchers have followed its courses and been thoroughly trained for their work. The consequence is that, although we possess far more original material than does France, so much so that it is possible to trace the pedigree of an agricultural labourer back to the fourteenth century, the French have gone further in making this material generally accessible. We have some men and women who by their own individual effort have trained themselves; and their work has been done mainly through their own efforts. Indexes of parish registers, Calendars of State Papers and of other important public documents have, it is true, been published, but the work has never been so systematised with us as it has been in France through the help of these State-trained searchers. It is all the more striking that at a time when the study of mediæval history is so little encouraged in the French State schools, French public bodies should do so much to bring the sources of historical lore within easy access of the public. Thus M. Fernand Bourdon has been encouraged to publish seventy-seven pamphlets giving the history of the communes of the Department of the Seine, and now the County Council or Conseil Général has entrusted M. Lucien Lambaud with the task of bringing out a fresh series, which will give an exhaustive history of those eleven communes which were annexed to Paris when it was enlarged and transformed in 1859 under the inspiration of Napoleon III., and of his able Minister of Public Works, Baron Haussmann. M. Lambaud has already told the story of Bercy, and is preparing that of Grenelle, and one asks oneself whether the "Conseil Général" has not given a substantial subsidy to this work, which certainly could not be produced in its present shape, with its fine photogravures and general get-up, without some aid from public resources. Vaugirard is perhaps not the most interesting of all the communes which go to make up the city of Paris. It includes within its limits some important buildings, but they are all recent. The "Gare de Montparnasse" bounds it on one side, and with the development of the "Chemin de fer de l'Etat" will probably take up more land in the future. The Institut Pasteur, which has done so much good work for medical research, is probably the best known of all its public institutions, whilst the Rue de Vaugirard, the Rue Lacombe, the Boulevard Pasteur, the Avenue du Maine, and the Boulevard Lefèvre all make it easy of access to anyone who cares to explore a part of Paris which was the home of its market gardeners within sixty years. Few of these now remain, for the increased value of land in Paris is a sore temptation to those who wish to live upon steady investments rather than to depend upon the labour of their hands. The father may still cling to the garden which has been cultivated by his forefathers, but the children have not the same sentimental love of the soil, and prefer to have an income of some thousands a year in public securities rather than to earn a few hundreds by their own work.

M. Lambaud traces the history of Vaugirard back to the days of prehistoric man, as shown by the excavations which have been made in the Rue du Hameau, near to the fortifications, where flints and hatchets of the quaternary period have been brought to light. Roman remains, including a regular necropolis with funeral vases and other pottery, have also been discovered in the same spot. He also tells many stories of the time of the Revolution, when the local peasantry arrested twenty-six members of the Royal Guard, who were subsequently killed in the massacres of September 1792. Cléry, the King's valet, and Madame de Rambaud, a maid in the Dauphin's service, were also arrested at Vaugirard, as well as Jean Jullien, who, under the influence of drink, had spoken disrespectfully of the nation. He was first condemned to ten years' imprisonment, a sentence which was afterwards transformed into one of death, because, as Osselin, the President of the Court argued, "You were sentenced to ten years' slavery; ten years' slavery for a Frenchman is a continual death". The church of Saint Lambert de

Vaugirard dated from the middle of the fourteenth century, and was enlarged in 1400; but its restoration would cost so much that it was decided to pull it down in 1853, and the present church was only opened on 19 June 1856. It may, however, be said that, although there are few relics of old Paris in Vaugirard, no one can realise the growth of the city without studying that part of Paris which has been built upon the foundations of the old village and of its market gardens, and that with the help of the Underground Vaugirard can be reached in twenty minutes from the Gare du Nord.

PUNDITS AND MORALS.

"Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics." Edited by James Hastings. Vol. V. Dravidians—Fichte. Edinburgh: Clark. 28s. net.

THIS volume furnishes an abundance of heavy reading. Philosophy and the graver aspects of theology form its staple, and are not balanced by much folklore or many of those interesting articles on Indian castes and shrines that have brightened its predecessors. But the philosophy is made as attractive as it is in its nature to be. Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, on whom Oxford has lately conferred an honorary degree, has the American gift of making an abstract subject interesting. His article on "Error and Truth" states and analyses five criteria, finds them all inadequate, and finally lays down that we can hope for no valid test until one is devised that shall satisfy the discrepant requirements of its five predecessors. If this be disheartening, Principal Iverach of Aberdeen is confident enough in his treatment of "Epistemology". He advances bravely to a teleological interpretation which is near akin to the old argument from design. "Teleology studied in this comprehensive sense would give us most valuable material for a complete view of human knowledge, and would set us free from the tyranny of mere science, with its exclusiveness and its incompleteness." Being a Scot, Dr. Iverach is vulnerable, if at all, in his premisses rather than his reasonings; in any case he is a powerful controversialist, and furnishes a seasonable antidote to some "mere science" in this volume. There are other good articles on philosophical subjects, and some that err in excess of attention to the newest books, not always worthy of the notice they receive; other writers again are merely critical, after the fashion of an Oxford Greats essay.

One of the most important topics is that of "Ethics and Morality", discussed by various specialists under no fewer than eighteen heads. Christian ethics and morality are sandwiched between Chinese and Egyptian and practically we get nothing more than the ideal relation between God and society and the individual as it presents itself to an intelligent and devout minister of the United Free Church of Scotland. Though much that is relevant will doubtless be discussed under other heads, this treatment of Christianity is narrow in comparison with the generous space allotted to nations and religions outside Christendom. Education has several interesting articles, though that on Greece is confined to the strictly classical period, and in the general introduction to the subject the Christian contribution to its theory made by such thinkers as Clement of Alexandria and S. Augustine is ignored, while the grave practical question of the value and scope of definite religious instruction is not even mentioned. And it is strange that while the prevalence of whipping in the schools of many lands and ages is duly noted, there is no examination of the relative value of that and other modes of stimulus. "Moral Education", from which all religious sanctions are carefully removed, is ably discussed by Mr. Gustav Spiller, who also describes the "Ethical Movement", and is himself the "General Secretary of the International Union of Ethical Societies", a cosmopolitan organisation which appears to be engaged in providing a substitute for Christianity, and a very drab substitute indeed. There are a few other articles in the same

spirit, as when a very superior person caricatures Christian charity, appropriately choosing the Encyclopædist for the occasion. And "Ethical Evolution" is made by Mr. Edward Clodd an opportunity for informing us that Herbert Spencer has given a death-blow to the methods of Butler and James Martineau. The article does not shine in comparison with the admirable summary on "Biological Evolution" by Professor Punnett of Cambridge.

The great subjects where religions are compared in this volume are "Dualism", "Expiation and Atonement", "Faith", "Fasting", "Fate", "Festivals and Fasts". For the first the editor has been fortunate in obtaining an introductory paper by Dr. Eucken of Jena, one of the few philosophers who have the ear of Europe. He makes an assertion we cannot accept when he explains asceticism as a form of dualism which has intruded into Christianity. The gardener who prunes a fruit-tree, even if he makes a clumsy and excessive use of the knife, has no purpose of killing the tree. Christian "Expiation and Atonement" is a lopsided article by Profesor Adams Brown of New York, in which an excessive space is devoted to modern theorists, often very obscure, who represent no one but themselves. Quite a false impression of relative importance is given when greater room is allowed to them than to the solid and lasting considerations which have shaped Christian conviction. "Festivals and Fasts", Christian and other, are treated in a business-like way, with dates and descriptions. Easter comes poorly off, with a brief summary that contrasts ill with the elaborate paper on "Epiphany" by Dr. Kirsopp Lake, whom Oxford ought not to

(Continued on page 484.)

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have allowed to go to Leyden. He shows that it was probably an ancient and widespread water festival, to which Christians gave a new meaning by connecting it originally with the Baptism of Christ, though this in course of time was replaced by other explanations.

The most important of the purely Christian articles are those on "Episcopacy" and "Eucharist". The former is by Dr. Darwell Stone of the Pusey House, who states the traditional view learnedly and well. Dr. Srawley of Cambridge is admirable on the Eucharist in the early and mediaeval periods. It might have been worth while to say more of the superstitions that accumulated round it during the later Middle Ages and provoked rebellion in the sixteenth century. The strange speculations of S. Bridget of Sweden must certainly have caused resentment. The later history is traced by Mr. Hugh Watt, of the United Free Church, who tells us many things about Protestant controversies of which English Churchmen are apt to be contentedly ignorant, and assures us that our Nonconformists and their American brethren are in the main Calvinist and not Zwinglian on this point. Naturally enough Free Kirk ministers have a large part in a work controlled by one of themselves, and a work that, in spite of large assistance from elsewhere, is predominantly Scottish. But when the Free Kirk and its English appendage exclude the Church of Scotland from all share, as they seem to be doing, there is danger lest the result be provincial, rather than national. It is just to say that Canon MacCulloch, an Episcopalian scholar, is one of the largest and most learned contributors. Twice the editor has shown humour in his selections. A French Protestant writes on the Jesuit casuistry of "Equiprobabilism" and a Welsh Dissenter on "Erastianism". Needless to say the Society of Jesus and the English Church are thoroughly trounced. The Eastern Church is briefly described by the Abbot, who is also titular Archbishop, of Sinai. He tells us of its organisation in fourteen autonomous communions, of which no fewer than three, Greek, Slavonic, and Roumanian, are established Churches of Austria. He ignores the Bulgarian Church, which is regarded at Constantinople as schismatic. But he says nothing of the inner constitution of these Churches, where the laity play a part both in theory and in practice much greater than the West has allowed. Russian Churchmen regard the autocracy of their Emperor not as an encroachment on the liberties of their Church, but as a representative exercise of the powers of the baptised; and lay preachers are frequent in the pulpit and lay teachers in the theological seminaries.

Of general articles those on folk-lore are as usual the most readable. What use might not Scott have made of our present knowledge concerning "Dreams" and "Fairies"! The history of dress is fully traced by Mr. A. E. Crawley, who finds its origin in the primitive hunter's tying a switch round his waist, that his hands might not be encumbered by carrying his spoil. It began as a "continuous pocket". There are sound articles on "Drinks" and "Drunkenness" by Mr. Crawley and Dr. J. F. Sutherland. The former tells us that the manufacture of Weissbier is dying out in Germany. This, if true, will lessen the pleasures of Berlin in August. Dr. Sutherland warns impressively against secret cures for drunkenness. Dr. W. F. Cobb writes with common-sense about "Faith-Healing". But the topics of interest in the massive volume are endless, and if some writers in it provoke irritation or suspicion, we may profit by the opportunity of using our powers of criticism.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. XIII.-XVI. London: Longmans. £12 12s. the set of 24 vols.

These volumes of the series present Morris in his epic vein, in his long prose romances, and as a writer of Socialist fable. At this date his version of the "Odyssey" suggests more strongly than ever a doubt of the propriety of Homer revived in neo-mediaeval dress. Chapman himself, with due deference to Keats, is a dubious medium; and if we feel

the incongruity of true epic and Elizabethan romanticism, how much more must we feel the same thing where the translator's romanticism is, after all, an eclectic spirit! With all its talent, Morris' "Odyssey" is tedious by reason of its adherence to "poetic" diction, a diction at heart conventional in spite of the writer's verbal inventiveness. We endure the artifice of his style more easily in tales like "The Glittering Plain", where there is no contrast with a primitive original to disturb us, and where Morris' real gift of assimilation has produced an atmosphere as well as a diction. "The Roots of the Mountains" (a magnificent romance title, by the by) and "The House of the Wolfings" are also part of this instalment. As for "News from Nowhere" and "John Ball", nowadays unsatisfying enough as embodiments of a social gospel, they still have their value as a protest against our industrial world. Few of us now doubt what Morris felt so keenly, that the mediæval ideal at its best holds out a lasting lesson of social obligation and unity.

"The Life of Benjamin Waugh." By Rosa Waugh. London: Fisher Unwin. 1913. 5s. net.

Miss Waugh has written an excellent life of her father, the founder of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Its tone is tender and sympathetic without being too emotional, as it might have been, and it is written easily and unaffectedly. She sees her father not only as a philanthropist, but as a man of great practical ability. Mr. Waugh's career really began with his pleadings for a boy charged with stealing turnips; and the Earl of Carnarvon, the chairman of the magistrates, was the first to express the admiration for him which his devoted labours won everywhere. "Well done, Mr. Waugh", he said; "you are the first person I have known who cared a damn for anything but pew rents." Lord Alverstone writes an introduction in which he speaks from twenty-five years' personal knowledge of Mr. Waugh and his work. He describes the Acts of 1889 and 1894 which he conducted through the House of Commons as the real Charter of the Children. They were wholly due to the persistent advocacy of Mr. Waugh, and they laid the foundation for the Act of 1908.

The fourth number of "The Salmon and Trout Magazine", published by Fishmongers' Hall (price 2s. 6d.), has some capital articles and notes. It appears just when the angler is overhauling his tackle against the 1913 season, and gives a fresh zest for the sport. All the articles in this issue are good, but Mr. Ward's photographs of life under water are really exceptional. All anglers should see this magazine.

For this Week's Books see pages 466 and 468.



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Bossuet (Ferdinand Brunetière). Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50c.

A Century of Famous Actresses, 1750-1850 (Harold Simpson and Mrs. Charles Braun). Mills and Boon, 10s. 6d. net.

Memoirs of the Husband of an Ex-Crown Princess (Enrico Toselli). Duckworth. 10s. 6d. net.

George du Maurier (T. Martin Wood). Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

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Love o' the Skies (Ignatius Phayre); Something New (Helen C. Roberts). Duckworth. 6s. each.

Means to an End (D'Arcy Martin); Hobson's Choice (G. G. Chatterton). Long. 6s. each.

The Rise of Roscoe Paine (Joseph C. Lincoln); The Black Pearl (Mrs. Wilson Woodrow). Appleton. 6s. each.

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The Gulf Between (P. Y. Redmayne). Wells Gardner. 6s.

Hors du Foyer (Marguerite Paradowska). Paris: Edition du Temps Présent. 3fr. 50c.

The Temptation of Tavernake (E. Phillips Oppenheim). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

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Consider this Man (Vincent Brown). Chapman and Hall. 6s.

The White Waterfall (James Francis Dwyer). Cassell. 6s.

HISTORY.

Prince Charlie's Pilot: A Record of Loyalty and Devotion (Evan Macleod Barron). Inverness: Carruthers. 5s.

Calendar of Letter-Books Preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London (Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe). Letter-Book L. Temp. Edward IV.-Henry VII.

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Saint John's Wood: Its History, Its Houses, Its Haunts and Its Celebrities (Alan Montgomery Eyre). Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

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REPRINTS.

The Sling: Letters to the Royal Institution, the Institution of Civil Engineers, and the Admiralty, May 1905 to May 1912 (Wm. Leighton Jordan). Simpkin. 7s. 6d. net.

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Demosthenes—On the Crown (Edited with Introduction and Notes by Milton W. Humphreys). New York: American Book Co.

A French Dramatic Reader (Compiled by Marc Ceppi), 2s.; English History Source Books: The Angevins and the Charter, 1154-1216 (G. M. Treynor); The Reformation and the Renaissance, 1485-1547 (Fred W. Bewsher); Peace and Reform, 1815-1837 (A. C. W. Edwards); Imperialism and Mr. Gladstone, 1876-1887 (R. H. Gretton). 1s. net each. Bell.

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THEOLOGY.

The Ministry of the Church (E. Hermitage Day), 2s. 6d. net; A Little History of the Love of the Holy Eucharist (Freida Mary Groves), 3s. 6d. net. Pitman.

The Passion Hymns of Iceland (Translated by C. Venn Pilcher). Robert Scott. 2s. net.

(Continued on page 468).

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MALANG RUBBER.**AN INTERIM DIVIDEND.**

The Second Ordinary General Meeting of the Malang Rubber Estates, Limited, was held on Thursday, Sir William B. Hudson, K.C.I.E., presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. P. Smith) having read the notice calling the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, explained that the accounts were made up for a period of eighteen months, to December 31 last, so as to include the results of the Java Company's trading for the season. It has been decided in future to close the estate accounts at the end of the calendar year. The Landbouw Maatschappij Senggora had been able to declare a dividend of £4,166 as a result of its trading for fourteen months, and adding the profit realised on this side, there was an available total of £5,600. The expenses in the previous accounts and the London expenses for the past eighteen months amounted to £2,669, and, deducting these, £2,930 remained to be carried forward. The revenue during the year realised 80,684 guilders, and was derived from 13 tons 1 cwt. of pepper, 2,174 lb. of Castillon rubber, and 2,278 cwt. of coffee. The bulk of their revenue was derived from coffee, but during the period under review only a very small portion of their Robusta coffee had been in production. The quantity from this variety would further increase during the current year, and would, under normal conditions, show a regular increase until the Hevea came into bearing. Over 20,000 Castillon trees had been cut out to make room for the Hevea, and it was probable that by the time the next meeting was held all the trees of that variety would have disappeared from the estate. The area under rubber had been increased by 75 acres to 1,161 acres, containing 146,808 Hevea trees, the bulk of which were now considerably over two years old. There were also on the estate 397,363 Robusta coffee trees, 175,000 Java coffee trees, and 7,350 Liberian coffee trees. The estate was in such a good condition that anyone visiting it would at once realise the great care that had been taken in putting it on a satisfactory basis, and the possibilities which lay before them. Their estate of 1,161 acres was just of that size which could be most economically managed, and, situated as they were, and commanding a sufficiency of labour at such a low ratio of cost, there was little doubt that when the rubber was in bearing they would be in position to produce it at a cost which would show satisfactory profits, notwithstanding even an appreciable fall in the price of rubber. The increase in the girth of the trees was most satisfactory. The health on the estate continued to be good and labour sufficient, and the prospects generally were promising in every way. In view of the results obtained and the prospects, the directors recommended the payment of an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, less income-tax, for the half-year ending June 30, 1913.

Mr. Walton Norfolk, in seconding the motion, said the capitalisation of the Company stood at £50 an acre. If they took the value of the shares on the market, it worked out at under £33 per acre. Anyone who could purchase rubber at £33 an acre was making a very good investment indeed.

The motion was carried unanimously, and the dividend recommended was declared.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

THE NEW DEBENTURE STOCK AUTHORISED.

The Half-yearly Meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada was held on Thursday, Mr. Alfred W. Smith presiding.

The Chairman said that they were again able to increase the dividend on the third preference stock, making it 24 per cent for the year, this being the highest amount declared since 1907, when the company's progress was interrupted by the big American panic. Notwithstanding higher wages, higher prices of material, and the difficulties which were always arising in new and unexpected ways to test the endurance and powers of railway management, there had been an improvement in the net result for 1912. Since they last met winter had intervened, but, even taking that into account, satisfactory progress had been made by their great undertaking, the Grand Trunk Pacific. The rails were laid for 1124 miles west of Winnipeg and 195 miles east of Prince Rupert, leaving about 427 miles to complete. Last Christmas a through train containing wheat was run from Winnipeg over the Transcontinental Railway to Cochrane, thence over their connexion with the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway to North Bay, on the old Grand Trunk, and from there to Port Coborne, on Lake Erie, whence it was shipped to South Africa. This was a very interesting event, as showing for the first time through physical connexion between the Grand Trunk Pacific and the old Grand Trunk. The year 1912 would always be a "red-letter year" in the history of the Grand Trunk Company, as for the first time the gross receipts exceeded £10,000,000. They had nearly touched that figure in 1911, but in 1912 their gross receipts were £10,866,864, as compared with £4,600,000 in 1885, when the board as at present constituted took office. Next autumn, or it might be next summer, the through communication between the Grand Trunk Pacific and the old Grand Trunk system would be in working order, and although they knew traffic took some little time to get accustomed to new routes, he could not doubt that the Grand Trunk would before long feel the beneficial effect of the new connexion. In the year following he hoped they would be through to the Pacific coast, and in the next year they should begin to feel the benefit of being connected through from coast to coast. But the year 1912 would also be one of sad memory in the tragic loss of Mr. Hayes and of all the difficulties and anxieties attendant on the sudden death of a great railway man, cut off in the midst of a great undertaking. The new year was opening with highly satisfactory traffics. There was an idea abroad that some of the traffic was due to traffic from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. This was not the case, as the line via Cochrane would not be open for traffic until the summer, and it would only be then that they would begin to see the effect of the Grand Trunk Pacific traffic on the parent line. They were in the process of carrying out a great undertaking. The future of the Grand Trunk Railway depended largely on the future of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and shareholders could not fairly judge of the Grand Trunk Company's affairs without taking into account the necessity of preparing for the time when the Pacific Railway was worked practically as a portion of the Grand Trunk. To do that successfully money was required, and to obtain that money on the best terms good credit was their very life.

Presiding at a meeting of the holders of the debenture stock of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, Mr. Alfred W. Smith said that they were asked to give their assent to the board's exercising the powers conferred by the Act of the Canadian Parliament to enable them to issue from time to time £5,000,000 of four per cent. debenture stock, to rank *pari passu* with the existing stock, and to be guaranteed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company. They had come to the end of their capital powers, and it was necessary to be in a position to secure more capital to carry out the great work on which they were engaged. He was glad that they had been able to defer asking for further powers until they were in a position to publish the traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk Pacific Line and to be within sight of the completion of the main line. A resolution was carried assenting to and accepting the Grand Trunk Pacific Act, 1913.

SCHWEPPES.

PROGRESS OF THE BUSINESS.

The Sixteenth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Schweppes, Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. C. D. Kemp-Welch, J.P., D.L. (Chairman and managing director), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. McMillan) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: As some of you know, I am just out after a somewhat troublesome operation, and I do not know what effect it will have upon my health. Still, I feel that the time has come when I shall have to consider when I shall retire, to a certain extent, from the daily work of the business. I have now been forty years in the business, and until the operation I underwent the other day I had not missed a board meeting for fifteen years. Unfortunately, owing to my illness, I missed two, but I am thankful to say I have been able to come to our meeting to-day. I only make these observations because it got about that I was laid aside. I must begin to think shortly about getting some sort of help, but I hope, so long as there is any strength in me to continue as long as I possibly can to carry on the business. If I have to relinquish the managing directorship it is not at all my intention to retire from the chairmanship so long as the shareholders wish me to remain. About this time last year I had the pleasure of presenting to you the most satisfactory report and statement of accounts since the formation of this company some fifteen years ago. Then the net profits were some £40,000, whereas those for 1911 were £77,000, an increase of £37,000. But it must not be forgotten that the climatic conditions in 1911 were much in our favour; the summer was almost tropical, and the Coronation festivities brought vast numbers of people to London, causing an enormous demand for Schweppes' waters. As a result the net profits were so satisfactory that the directors then decided to place £10,000 to reserve, and in addition to replace the £8,000 taken from the reserve fund in the previous year. A dividend of 5 per cent. was paid on the Deferred shares, and a much larger sum than usual was carried forward. The report and accounts now under consideration do not perhaps appear at first sight quite so satisfactory, since the net profits show a falling off of some £10,000 as compared with our record year. I think, however, when we come to look into matters we shall come to the conclusion that the business is really in a most satisfactory condition. Climatic considerations are bound to affect a business of this nature. As you will remember, 1912 had a wet and sunless summer season, and so during those months our sales were seriously affected, but sales during the other months of the year exceeded those of any like period, showing how strong a hold we have on the general public. Our export business continues to show a large expansion, in spite of the heavy duties we have to pay to get our goods into other countries. We have also to compete with goods that are being admitted into this country duty free, which enables the proprietors to spend large amounts in advertising. In addition to want of summer weather, we were seriously inconvenienced by the dock strike, which prevented the execution of a large number of orders. Then the freights and dock charges on our export have considerably increased; the cost of bottles has gone up, also that of timber for cases. The cost of fodder for our large stud of horses has also gone up, and, in fact, almost all materials used, except sugar, were dearer than during the previous year. Wages and duties in Australia have largely increased, and

the latest burden on industry in this country—namely, the National Insurance Act—is costing your company some hundreds of pounds a year extra. There are other expenses I might mention, but those I have given you are the most important, and had they not occurred the net profits would have been very much larger. To some it may appear unusual, under the circumstances, for the directors to recommend a larger dividend than on the last occasion, but they came to the conclusion that, as so large a sum as £18,000 was carried to reserve last year—£8,000, as I have stated, having been to replace that taken from reserve in the previous year—and as the carry-forward was so much larger than before, it was only fair to pay a larger dividend on the Deferred shares, seeing there would still remain a sum of £14,700 to carry forward, after adding £10,000 to reserve fund for 1912. As stated in the report, the net profits are arrived at after allowing ample sums for depreciation of property, plant, etc., and also a reserve for bad debts, and in passing I may remark that bad debts only amounted to 2s. 6d. per £100 on our very large turnover. All cost of advertising is charged to revenue account. The sales for the first three months of this year again show a most satisfactory increase. You notice the directors will presently ask you to extend their borrowing powers. Of course, a growing business requires more working capital, as book debts increase and larger stocks have to be kept. The amount proposed is £100,000. I beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and I will ask Sir Ernest Clarke to second the resolution.

Sir Ernest Clarke, in seconding the resolution, expressed the satisfaction that the board felt at seeing Mr. Kemp-Welch in the chair. He hoped he would occupy that position for many years to come.

The Chairman, in reply to a question, said that the fees of the Debenture trustees were undoubtedly high at £600, but that amount had been settled at the formation of the company, and although they had endeavoured they had not succeeded in securing any reduction. As to the substitution of flat-bottomed bottles for the old type that would not stand up, the latter had originally been adopted on the supposition that if bottles stood up the corks would dry and the gases would escape. That had been found to be fallacious, and they were substituting, wherever practicable, bottles that would stand up. The only bottles of the old type that were still in existence they were sending abroad, and they never came back.

The resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts was carried unanimously.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Sir William P. Trelor, Bart., a resolution was unanimously adopted increasing the borrowing powers of the board by the sum of £100,000.

The Chairman explained, in reply to questions, that the reserve fund had been invested in the business. If that had not been done the directors would have had to apply for increased borrowing powers long before. They were at present only entitled to borrow up to one-half the nominal capital of the company.

On the proposition of Mr. Hibbert, seconded by Mr. C. T. Smith, J.P., a resolution was unanimously passed voting the directors additional remuneration of £100 each for the year under review and annually thereafter.

ARGENTINE TOBACCO COMPANY.

MARION E. D'EBRANGER, presiding at the meeting of the Argentine Tobacco Company, Limited, said the gross profit was quite a satisfactory figure, amounting to £410,349, from which had to be deducted the general charges in the Argentine to the amount of £187,716, leaving £222,632, to which had to be added for interest £14,560 and transfer fees £415, so that they had to deal with a sum of £233,336. That represented a profit of approximately 10 per cent. on the total capital issued. The heavy charges in the Argentine were necessitated by the condition of trade which prevailed during the past year, and especially during the last six months of the financial year. These conditions falsified their hopes by reducing the net profits which they saw very large in their expectations, and which but for those large expectations might have seemed quite satisfactory in their reality. From the profit mentioned they had to deduct the expenditure in London, amounting to £50,599, which included £4,104 for debenture interest. They were putting to reserve £33,100, being the nominal amount of the debentures drawn for redemption. Out of the balance they were paying the preference dividend and 5 per cent. on the ordinary shares. The total capital outstanding on October 31, 1912, was £1,753,330 in shares, and £650,000 in debentures. Of the latter £53,100 had since been redeemed and paid off at a cost of £37,755. There seemed to be some considerable misapprehension as to the application of the funds which were shown in the accounts as provided for redemption of debentures. He need hardly assure them that the £53,100 of debentures were duly paid off on November 1 in accordance with the conditions of the trust deed. The shareholders had in the first place invested in the business £1,753,330 and borrowed on debentures £550,000, which had been likewise invested in the business. After a year's trading they had reduced the indebtedness by £53,100 by paying off that amount of debentures. This they had done out of revenue, so that the assets were in no way affected. In other words, the balance sheet of the company was improved by £53,100. That improvement was expressed in the reserve account, which was credited with a sum of £53,100. It would be credited every year with the amount of the debentures redeemed. It was originally intended to allow this reserve account to accumulate, and at the end of six years, when all the debentures would have been redeemed, it would have shown a balance of £650,000. The Board would then have appropriated the reserve in writing off in the first instance such of the assets as were not of a tangible value, such as preliminary expenses, etc. The only item charged against reserve concerning which there might be a difference of opinion was that of the depreciation of £11,718. Instead of waiting for six years the Board had decided to deal with the depreciation immediately. He had dwelt upon the subject at some length, because it had been so misunderstood that he thought a full explanation was necessary on the subject. It would be idle to deny that a profit of £233,336, large as that sum might be, did not satisfy the expectations of the directors, and was not expected to satisfy the shareholders; but the facts justified the conclusion that the shortage of net profit was not due to necessarily inherent or permanent features of the business, but was due to causes which they hoped to remedy in time by the exercise of care and energy. It was notorious that the competition in Buenos Ayres was very great and assumed a most aggressive form, more especially in the last six months of the financial year. The forecasts he made at the last meeting as to profits were justified at the time by the accounts they were then receiving, but they were falsified afterwards during the last six months of the year by the competitive fight they had to make. They had to make such important rebates to the retail trade that they ate very considerably into the profit made during the last six months. He might mention that, at least for the time being, those rebates had to a great extent ceased, but it was a weapon they might have to use again if called upon to do so. This trade war had been a very costly one to them, but they hoped to see the expenses curtailed, more especially as they benefited neither the consumer nor the manufacturer. The aim of this Company was not to monopolise trade or stifle competition, but they were attacked, and had to defend themselves. They were introducing many improvements and economies. He had certainly underestimated the magnitude of their reorganisation and the time required to weld into one homogeneous whole the business of some twenty manufacturers, but he looked to the future with confidence, and urged the shareholders to be patient. He moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

M. Giede seconded the resolution, and, after some questions had been answered, it was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.



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